

From the Edinburgh Review.

*A Brief Discourse of the Troubles begun at Frankfurt in the year 1554, about the Book of Common Prayer and Ceremonies. 1575. Reprinted, London: 1846. 8vo.*

No revolution ever effected greater changes than ensued in England upon the death of Edward VI. The triumph of the constitutional rule of the descent of the throne, in opposition to the favorers of Lady Jane Grey, and the accession of Mary, not merely altered the political relations between England and every other state in Europe—they carried change into every parish, and almost into every family in the kingdom. Without waiting for parliamentary sanctions, the great body of the English people, and especially of the clergy, outtried even the expression of a wish on the part of the new sovereign that they should return to Rome. They were as eager in proclaiming their reconciliation with the discarded pontiff, as if they had been solely bent on proving the accuracy of the estimate of their religious character formed by Michele the Venetian ambassador; who, writing in 1557, declares, that, "with the English, the example and authority of the sovereign is everything. They live as he lives—they believe as he believes—and they obey his commands, not from any inward moral impulse, but because they fear to incur displeasure; and they would be full as zealous followers of the Mahometan or Jewish religions, did the king profess either of them, or command his subjects to do so."\* The services of the ancient faith were at once restored. Compliant pastors led back obedient flocks to old customs and observances which still retained prescriptive hold upon their hearts. Vestments, chalice, roods, relics, images, and breviaries were, as it were, disinterred. The novel *sumpsimus* was discarded ignominiously; the old *mumpsimus* resumed his ancient sway. It was, indeed, one of the most vigorous attempts at retrogression ever made by any people; and it was maintained for several years with the most scrupulous perseverance. But the volume before us directs our attention to one only of the results of Mary's establishment—the voluntary exile of no fewer than eight hundred English people, who had been favorers of the ecclesiastical changes introduced under Edward VI. And it is to the character and conduct of those sufferers for conscience-sake, that we shall principally confine our attention in the present article.

The fate of the Protestant party in England at Mary's accession, may, in general terms, be stated to have been threefold. A very numerous body—the most forward, or most accessible—became the subjects of active persecution. The astounding number of two hundred and eighty-eight persons suffered death by fire! The sad details of the deaths of many of them are familiar to every one; but there is a concentration of horror in a simple passage of one of Sir William Cecil's *Diaries*, which brings home to one's mind the astounding wickedness of such a state of things more forcibly than the most labored description. The entry is

under the date of June, 1558, and the words are, "NOW BURNING IN SMITHFIELD SEVEN IN ONE FIRE!" It seems as if the cautious statesman had, by some chance, caught a passing glimpse of the hideous sacrifice, and terror-stricken at the sight, had rushed to his house in Cannon Row, where, while his mind was excited by the act of desperate wickedness which he had beheld, he at once registered the awful fact in his table-book. "They were the heretics," to adopt the language of Shakspeare, who has been sometimes thought to have been a Romanist, "who made the fire; not they who burnt in it."

A vast number died in prison, where their sufferings were rendered as galling as possible, by the mean contrivances of a paltry bigotry. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was accustomed to send his alms-basket to the Marshalsea; but, though he gave his goods to feed the poor, he had no charity; for he directed his almoner (Brooks, who succeeded Hooper in the see of Gloucester) to charge the gatekeeper, that none of the heretics should have any portion of his alms.\* This was a time when the prisons were filled, and many of the prisoners, who had been dragged from their homes and their means of livelihood, were dying of sickness, if not of starvation. Their sufferings are detailed with painful minuteness by one of their number, old Father Coverdale, in his preface to the *Letters of the Martyrs*.† "Some," he says, "being thrown into dungeons, uglysome holes—dark, loathsomely, and stinking corners; other some lying in fetters and chains, and loaded with so many irons that they could scarcely stir; some in the stocks with their heels upwards; some having their legs in the stocks, and their necks chained to the wall with gorgets of iron; some, both hands and legs in the stocks at once, sometimes both hands in and both legs out, sometimes the right hand with the left leg, or the left hand with the right leg, fastened in the stocks with manacles and fetters, having neither stool nor stone to sit on, to ease their woful bodies withal; some standing in most painful engines of iron, with their bodies doubled; some whipped and scourged, beat with rods, and buffeted with fists; some having their hands burned with a candle to try their patience, or force them to relent; some hunger-pined and most miserably famished." "Again," he says, that "they were so narrowly watched, and straitly kept from all necessary helps, as paper, ink, books, and such-like, that great marvel it is how they could be able to write any one of these, or other so excellent and worthy letters. For so hardly were they used, as I said afore, for the most part, that they could not end their letters begun, sometime for lack of ease, being so fettered with chains and otherwise handled as you have heard; sometime for lack of light, when they could neither see to write well, nor to read their letters again; and sometimes through the hasty coming-in of the keepers or officers, who left no corner nor bed-straw unsearched; yea, sometimes, they were put so hard to shifts, that like as for lack of pens they were fain to write with the

\* Ellis' Letters, Second Ser. ii., 239.

\* Strype's Cranmer, p. 310.

† P. 26. Edit. 1837.

lead of the windows, so for want of ink they took their own blood, as it yet remaineth to be seen."<sup>\*</sup>

A second portion of the Protestant party consisted of persons wholly or in part conformed to the new order of things, or whose nonconformity escaped, or was allowed to pass, unnoticed. Seven of the dioceses of England are infamously conspicuous in the history of this persecution—Chichester, Canterbury, Coventry and Lichfield, Norwich, Rochester, Salisbury, and, above all, London; the bishops being Christopherson, Pole, (who allowed Harpsfield, his archdeacon, to shed blood like water,) Baynes, Hopton, Griffin, Capon, and *facile princeps*, Bonner. In most of the other bishoprics there was little persecution; and the three northern dioceses, York, Carlisle, and Durham, were entirely free. This was partly owing to their distance from the seat of government, and partly to the comparatively few Protestants in the northern districts of England; but principally to the humanity of the bishops, Heath, Oglethorp, and Cuthbert Tonstall. In these dioceses Protestants lived unmolested, if they were peaceable; and even men, who were obnoxious to the higher powers, occasionally found shelter and security. Bernard Gilpin was protected by Tonstall; Harley, Bishop of Hereford, wandered up and down the country instructing a little flock in woods and secret places.† Bullingham and Gheast, both afterwards bishops, hid themselves in holes and lurking-places, which they often changed. Parker, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was "driven into a corner, spoiled and impoverished;"—on one occasion, when sought to be apprehended, he fled by night, and, falling off his horse, was hurt so dangerously that he says, "I shall never recover it;"‡ but he escaped from his pursuers, and passed the rest of Mary's reign in concealment, in the house of one of his friends; versifying the book of Psalms, and writing his treatise in defence of priests' marriages.§ Ascham was protected by Gardiner's love for good scholarship; Gresham, by his importance as a mercantile and political agent; and Cecil, by the friendship of Cardinal Pole.

A third section of the Protestant party consisted of those who sought safety in other countries. It had been the policy of Cranmer (strangely deviated from afterwards by James the First and Charles) to keep up a connection between England and the chief continental Protestant divines, as a kind of substitute for the broken ties which had formerly bound the English church to Rome. This friendliness had led many eminent theologians to visit England; and others were invited thither, in order that Oxford and Cambridge might have the benefit of their learning. Cranmer received these strangers with most liberal and cordial hospitality, and procured them such preferments and appointments as were suitable to their talents and inclinations. Peter

Martyr was appointed divinity professor at Oxford; Bucer and Fagius were sent to Cambridge; Bernardino Ochino preached in London; and Regelius, Peter Alexander, Justus Jonas, Dryander, Rodolph Gualter, and several other foreigners of eminence, were, from time to time, partakers of the princely hospitalities of Lambeth. England was also visited by multitudes of exiles, who sought shelter from the intolerance of foreign potentates. It redounds greatly to the credit of the government of Edward VI., that they were kindly received and protected. They were encouraged in the exercise of the mechanical arts they brought with them; and in matters of religion they were permitted to follow the dictates of their conscience with a freedom beyond what was at that time granted to the king's natural-born subjects. In London, the church of the Austin Friars was granted to a body of German refugees, who were incorporated by royal charter, under the superintendence of John à Lasco, a distinguished Pole, a friend of Erasmus, and the purchaser of his library. There was also in the metropolis a congregation of Italians under Michael Angelo Florio, and another of Frenchmen. Foreign churches were settled at Canterbury, Norwich, and other large towns; and a body of Flemish weavers of kerseys, who were specially patronized by Protector Somerset, established themselves at Glastonbury, under the superintendency of Valerandus Pollanus, who had been a minister at Strasburg.

One of the earliest acts of Mary's council was to withdraw the privileges which had been granted to these foreign exiles. This was to be expected. They were principally contumacious subjects of the queen's relative and intimate ally, the emperor; and they exhibited before the eyes of her own people, the consummation of that Protestant system, which, in all its details, was to her as worm-wood. They were accordingly commanded to depart the realm; and the officers of the principal outposts were directed to facilitate their embarkation. After long uncertainty whither to direct their course, the German exiles determined in favor of Denmark, partly on account of the reputation of its sovereign, Christian III., who had established the reformation throughout his territories; and partly by the favorable circumstance that two Danish ships were then lying in the Thames, ready to receive them on board, and anxious to depart homewards with the first favorable wind. In these ships, à Lasco with three hundred and fifty companions, many of them having families, embarked on the 17th September, 1553. The voyage was a most disastrous one. Opposed by unfavorable winds and stormy weather, it was six weeks before they passed through the sound and reached the coast of Denmark. There unanticipated troubles awaited them. Before they were permitted to set foot on shore, certain ecclesiastical authorities examined them as to their faith. It was found that in the matter of the eucharist they were Suvermerians, Sacramentarians, or, in some way or other, not quite orthodox, according to the notions of rigid Lutheranism. The objection was fatal—they were forbidden to land. The shelter of Denmark was denied to them, and, in the commencing winter of a northern climate, they were compelled again to loose their sails, and seek some spot where Christian charity ranked higher than the dogmas of theology. They applied successively to Rostock, Weimar, and Lubeck, in vain. They left the inhospitable Baltic, and sailed round to Hamburg, but still without success. The Lutheran formula of the eucharist not merely with-

\* Letters of the Martyrs, p. 27.

† Strype's Mem., ii., p. 465.

‡ Burnet, Ref., vol. ii., part 2. App. viii.

§ Strype had not "come to the sight of" Parker's translation of the Psalms when he wrote his life; but there are copies in the British Museum, at the Bodleian, at Lambeth, and at Canterbury Cathedral. It was printed by Daye anonymously, and without date, but probably in 1561, or the year following. The copy at Lambeth is a presentation copy from "Margaret Parker," the archbishop's wife, to the Countess of Shrewsbury.—See Dibdin's Ames, iv. 175; Wharton's Eng. Poetry, iv. 5; and Gent. Mag. for 1781, p. 566. The Archbishop's Defence of Priests' Marriages, was printed by Richard Jugge, without date, but probably in 1562. See Dibdin's Ames, iv. 263. Strype's Parker, 504.

held from them the rights of hospitality, but exposed them to insult and reproach. Joachim Westphalus, a celebrated Lutheran theologian of Hamburg, a man *acerbissimi ingenii*, not only opposed them strenuously, and printed books against their doctrines, but was accustomed to term their brethren who afterwards suffered for Protestantism in England, the "devil's martyrs." At length in March, 1554, they touched in East Friesland. The Countess Anna took compassion upon them; the people of Emden followed her example, and, after six months' wandering, and passing a winter at sea, they found a protectress and a home.\* The inhabitants of the wild and barren country which was then termed East Friesland, and is now Aurich, a province of Hanover, were long celebrated for a jealous love of freedom. Would that we could always see, as in the instance now before us, the natural connection between the love of freedom and the practice of the first and greatest of all Christian virtues steadily maintained!

Within a few months after the departure of à Lasco, many other foreigners quitted England; Rye and Dover being the principal places of embarkation. Pollanus and the weavers of kerseys at Glastonbury submitted to the general fate, and removed to Frankfort, where they were kindly received. The church of the White Ladies was granted to them for their worship, and they took possession of it on the 20th April, 1554. Pollanus celebrating the occasion by a sermon, and by the baptism "of his young son in the Rhine."†

Peter Martyr soon found that his occupation at Oxford was gone. The members of that loyal university were overwhelmed with grief on the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey; and were proportionably elated when the brief usurpation came to an end. The accession of Mary produced the most uproarious rejoicing. Subscriptions were entered into to maintain her cause; shouts and feasting prevailed throughout the city, and the fagot, the scaffold, and all other varieties of death, were denounced against the Gospellers. Peter Martyr was forbidden to leave his house; and Sydall, one of his willow friends, ever ready to conform, was made responsible for his appearance. After six weeks' submission to this restraint, Julio Terentiano, Martyr's companion and friend, who had accompanied him from Switzerland, repaired to London to make exertions on his behalf. But every one who had the will to aid him was overwhelmed in the common trouble. At last he met with Whittingham, who was afterwards Dean of Durham. He had just returned from a long absence in France, and, being but little involved in the proceedings of the past reign, had leisure to attend to the troubles of others. He took up the cause of these distressed foreigners; and prepared a memorial to the council in Martyr's name; setting out in it the invitation of Edward VI., upon which he had come to England, and praying that, as the queen had no longer any occasion for his services, he might be permitted to return home. Whittingham and Terentiano went together to Richmond, and the petition was presented. After several days' fruitless attendance, they, with much difficulty, prevailed upon Sir John Mason to interfere, and permission was given that Martyr might come himself to London, and prosecute his suit. Removal from Oxford was a great point gained.

\* Gerdes, *Hist. Evang.*, iii. p. 237.

† Original Letters relative to Eng. Reform. (Parker Soc.) i. 3.

Martyr instantly took advantage of the permission, and hurried to Lambeth, where his friend Cranmer was still at liberty, and as friendly and hospitable as ever. It was in the month of September, 1553, and on a Thursday. Martyr dined with the archbishop; and after dinner he came into Martyr's chamber, and conferred privately with him respecting their common difficulties. Cranmer told his guest, "that he himself must of necessity abide a trial, and that it was certain that he should never see him again; he recommended Martyr to be urgent for his passports, on obtaining which he should depart; but, should he fail in obtaining them, he must consult his safety by flight, for that no justice was to be expected from his adversaries. Oh, God!" exclaims Julio Terentiano, from whose narrative these particulars are derived, "who can explore the depth of thy counsels! About five days after the Archbishop of Canterbury had been committed to the tower, a safe conduct, and a most honorable one, was given by the queen to Master Peter."\* Martyr lost no time in acting upon Cranmer's advice. Accompanied by Bernardine Ochin, he crossed to Antwerp, and proceeded thence to Strasburg, where he occupied himself as a teacher of divinity.

Many English people who felt themselves to be obnoxious to the new government, took advantage of these departures of foreigners to leave the realm without passports, in the character of their servants. But that subterfuge was soon discovered; and so strict a watch was kept in consequence at the outposts, that persons who afterwards left the realm were generally obliged to have recourse to stratagems of a more subtle kind. Many Protestants doubted how far it was right to forsake their cause, and Cranmer was consulted upon the point. His advice, which is published in the *Letters of the Martyrs*,† was clear and decided. "I exhort you," he said, being himself in prison, "as well by Christ's commandment as by the example of him and his apostles, to withdraw yourself from the malice of your and God's enemies, into some place where God is most purely served; which is no slandering of the truth, but a preserving of yourself to God and the truth, and to the society and comfort of Christ's little flock. And that you will do, do it with speed, lest by your own folly you fall into the persecutors' hands." Many persons acted upon this advice. The greater number escaped unobserved in the trading vessels which were sailing continually between England and the Low Countries; others in the boats of fishermen, and those of the usual conveyers of letters and intelligence. Many crossed from ports whence there was no ordinary communication with the continent; and, in a few instances of distinguished persons, they were helped by their friends on the other side, who sent ships to wait for them at the mouth of the Thames. A lively picture of the ingenuity with which they sometimes evaded the slighter kind of difficulties which stood in their way, is given in a MS. life of Whittingham, in the Ashmolean library. The facts related took place in May or June, 1554.

"Queen Mary being proclaimed, and a taste given of the alteration of religion, he forthwith

\* *Ibid.*, p. 371.

† P. 15. edit. 1837. Cranmer's letter was addressed to Mrs. Wilkinson, a resident in London, who was a zealous and liberal supporter of the persecuted Protestants. She continued in England until after Bradford was burnt, and then made her way to Frankfort, where she died.

resolved to go again beyond the seas; and riding over London Bridge, in his way to Dover, and thence to take shipping, he met Mr. Harding, who wrote against Jewell, on the bridge; who, after salutations, asked him whither he was a-going. Mr. Whittingham answered, that he was going beyond the seas. Mr. Harding demanded of him the cause. He answered: 'Did you not hear the proclamation, and how the whore of Rome is again erected among us?' To which, Mr. Harding replied: 'Happy are you that go for so good a cause.' Mr. Whittingham and his company coming to Dover, at night, whilst they were at supper, the host of the house told his guests, that, after supper, he must carry them before the magistrate or mayor of the town, to be questioned concerning the cause or errand of their going beyond the sea; for the magistrate had received strict command from the council for the examination of every passenger, and Mr. Mayor had as strictly enjoined them (the inkeepers) to bring their guests to be examined as aforesaid; wherein the host seeming to be more peremptory and precise, it made his news the more distasteful, and, in part, to vex his guests. Whilst they were in this anxiety, there being a fair greyhound waiting on the table for relief, Mr. Whittingham chanced to say, 'Mine host, you have here a very fair greyhound.' 'Aye,' said the host, 'this greyhound is a fair greyhound indeed, and is of the queen's kind.' 'Queen's kind!' said Whittingham. 'What mean you by that? This is a strange speech! What good subject can endure to hear such words of his sovereign, to have her majesty to be compared in kind with the kind of a dog?' And said, that the words were very treasonable, and that he could not see how they could be excused if they should not go and acquaint the magistrate with it; and did further so aggravate the matter, even of purpose, as they did drive the host into such a fear as he durst not once mention the carrying of them before the magistrate any more, but was glad to be so freed from their incumbrance.\*

Foxe, the future martyrologist, was sheltered by his pupil, the Duke of Norfolk; the same who was beheaded in 1571, but was then a young man, and had not come to the dukedom. Upon one occasion Foxe suddenly entered an apartment in his pupil's house, where he and Bishop Gardiner were in discourse. Surprised at finding himself in the presence of the leader of the persecution, who had already been seeking his arrest, Foxe hastily withdrew in some confusion. "Who was that?" inquired the bishop. Relying upon his ignorance of Foxe's person, or upon the imperfection of a momentary glance, the duke replied that it was his physician—adding, that he was somewhat uncourtly, being newly come from the university. The bishop answered calmly, "I like his countenance and aspect well, and, upon occasion, will make use of him." But there was an expression in his look which contradicted the expression of his tongue, and convinced the duke that, in spite of what he said, the attempt to blind him had not succeeded. Foxe's only safety was in flight. The

duke supplied him with means, and, in all haste, the poor tutor and his wife set sail from Ipswich. The weather was stormy, and the ship put back; but Foxe learning, when he came ashore, that Gardiner had issued a warrant for his apprehension, entreated the master of the ship to put to sea again, and in two days they landed at Newport, in Flanders. From thence Foxe proceeded to Antwerp, and afterwards to Frankfort.

Bale made his escape from Ireland. His intention was to proceed to Scotland, in order than he might watch the course of events, and return to his bishopric of Ossory, as soon as he could do so with any chance of safety or usefulness. He embarked from Dublin in a small ship, "there called a pyckarde," which he hired in conjunction with a young man of Essex, of the name of Thomas, who was engaged in some mercantile pursuit. But whilst "tarrying upon the tide for passage," their ship was boarded by a Flemish ship of war, or rather pirate, and Bale and Thomas were removed, with all that they possessed, into the pirate's vessel. They were searched "to the very skin," and everything belonging to them, money, books, and apparel, was taken from them; even the captain of the "pyckarde" was robbed of five pounds, which had been paid him on account of their passage money. After touching at Waterford, where neither Bale nor Thomas was allowed to land, the pirates steered for the English channel. Stress of weather drove them into St. Ives, where one of the crew, the same who had before procured Bale and his companion to be made prisoners, accused Bale of treason, in the hope of getting a portion of his money, which was in the captain's hands. Upon Bale's solicitation one of the bailiffs of the town, who appeared to be "a very sober man," cross-examined the accuser, and having skilfully drawn from him that he had never seen or heard of Bale before he came aboard the Flemish vessel, followed up the admission by inquiring, what treason he could possibly have known of him since. "Marry," said he, "he would have fled into Scotland." "Why," said the bailiff, "and knowest thou any impediment wherefore he ought not to have gone into Scotland?" "No," said the fellow, "but he was going towards Scotland." "If it be a treason," saith the bailiff, "to go towards Scotland, a man having business to do there, it is more than I knew afore." Bale thus escaped: his money, £21, was given up to him, and the Flemings pursued their voyage. After two piratical encounters with English ships, in both which they were successful, they arrived off Dover; and here a fresh accusation was got up against poor Bale. Amongst his effects they had found the seal of his bishopric, two very suspicious-looking Latin letters, which he had received from certain foreign divines, and a letter from King Edward VI.'s council, announcing to him his episcopal call. These were deemed pregnant proofs of heresy and of counterfeiting the great seal; and with these accusations upon his head, the captain was anxious to sell his prisoner, if any man would offer him a good sum of money. But the speculation was not popular at Dover; and it was finally agreed that Bale should be set ashore in Zealand, upon his giving back all his own money which had been returned to him, except six crowns—which magnificent sum was allowed him for his maintenance until he could communicate with his friends, when he was to pay a further sum of £50. Upon reaching land, the latter sum was reduced by the owners to £30; time was given for

\* Wood's MSS. Ashmol. Lib., No. 8560, art. 4. The queen's kind of hound is represented in the celebrated picture of herself and her husband, painted by Sir Antonio More, which is in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn. Mary is there seated under a cloth of estate, and at her feet are two little dogs, which have collars of small bells. The picture was engraved some years ago by the Granger Society.

its payment; and Bale was permitted to depart to Frankfort, whence he afterwards removed to Basle.\*

Jewell, after having signed a recantation at Oxford, became miserable. Urged by his smitten conscience, he fled as for his life. He set his face towards London; but wandered along by unfrequented roads, until weary, foot-sore, and despairing, he sank down, almost dead with fatigue and trouble. In this state one of those circumstances happened to him which we are accustomed to term strange chances, or singular accidents; but through which we often seem to catch, as it were, a glimpse of the care and determined purpose which distinguish the providential government of the world. Whilst Jewell was lying stretched upon the earth, and almost, as it appeared, at his last gasp,† a man rode past. His attention was attracted to the prostrate figure. He paused to look at him. He turned back and came near. It was Augustine Bernher, Latimer's Swiss servant, the friend of Ridley, Bradford, Hooper, and all the suffering Protestants, the good Samaritan of his day. He alighted, placed Jewell upon his horse; guided him to the country-house of a Mrs. Ann Warcop, where he was refreshed and entertained; took him to London, where he was kept concealed in the houses of several trustworthy citizens; and finally, by the means and at the expense of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, procured him a passage across the sea.‡ Jewell went first to Frankfort, but finally took up his abode with Peter Martyr at Strasburgh, and afterwards at Zurich.

Knox was persuaded by his friends, after his letters had been intercepted, and his messengers seized, that he ought to quit England, where he had been ministering during the reign of Edward VI. "Partly by admonition, partly by tears," they compelled him to acquiesce. A vessel was procured, and he was landed at Dieppe, whence he passed through France to Geneva.

Alexander Nowell was at that time one of the under-masters of Westminster School. Bonner marked him for a victim; but Francis Bowyer, a citizen of London, and sheriff in 1577, sheltered him, and sent him safe beyond the seas. He, like Jewell, was one of those who found an asylum in the house of Peter Martyr at Strasburgh, where a congregation of learned men lived as in a college, at a common table.

Sir Francis Knollys, with his wife and eldest son, slipped away unobserved; an interesting memorial of their departure has recently been published in Miss Wood's *Letters of Illustrious Ladies*, (iii. 279.) It is a letter from the future Queen Elizabeth, written to her cousin, Lady Knollys, upon her leaving England. It is signed *Cor rotto*, "The broken-hearted;" and is couched in that hard, rough, enigmatical style, which indicates that the writer had plenty of meaning, with but few words; and which constitutes a curious point of resemblance between the letters of Elizabeth and those of Cromwell. In both, the hand seems continually to be struggling, and often in vain, to express what is in the mind; and in both there come, every now and then, in some happy moment, not only the breathing thought, but also the burning word.

\* These particulars are derived from Bale's narrative, entitled *The Vocacyon of John Bale*, 12mo, 1553; it is reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, vi. 437.

† *Humi jacentem et quodammodo expirantem.*

‡ *Juelli, Vita et Mors. Laurent. Humfredo, Lond. 1573. p. 82.*

"An old saying," remarks Elizabeth, "when bale is lowest, boot is nearest: when your need shall be most, you shall find my friendship greatest. Let others promise, and I will do; in words not more, in deeds as much. My power but small, my love as great as them whose gifts may tell their friendship's tale. Let will supply all other want; and oft-sending take the lieu of often-sights. Your messengers shall not return empty, nor yet your desires unaccomplished. Lethe's flood hath here no course; good memory hath greatest stream. And, to conclude, a word that hardly I can say I am driven by need to write; farewell it is, which, in the sense one way, I wish—the other way, I grieve."

Foxe has commemorated two memorable escapes, upon the information, and probably in the very words of the persons themselves—that of the Duchess of Suffolk, widow of Charles Brandon, and mother of the brave Lord Willoughby; and that of Doctor Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York. These narratives of the martyrologist are two of the most interesting histories in our language, distinguished for homely truthful simplicity, and minuteness of detail; but as they have been copied into Holinshed, and noticed by many of our general historians, they may be presumed to be well known; especially the one relating to the Duchess of Suffolk, whose adventures were made the subject of a popular old ballad—"The most rare and excellent history of the Duchess of Suffolk, and her husband Richard Bertie's calamity—to the tune of Queen Dido." After many adventures, the duchess and her husband bent their way towards Wesel, in Cleves. A refuge had been found there by a part of one of à Lasco's congregations, under the guidance of Francis Rivers, a minister who, whilst in England, had received great kindness from Bertie and his wife. Hot pursuit was made after them by the emissaries of Philip and Mary; and, to avoid suspicion, the duchess travelled the last portion of their journey on foot, Bertie carrying their child, and the duchess his cloak and rapier. "At last, betwixt six and seven of the clock in the dark night (it was in January, 1555,) they came to Wesel, and repairing to their inns for lodging and some repose after such a painful journey, found hard entertainment: for going from inn to inn, offering large money for small lodging, they were refused of all the innholders, suspecting Master Bertie to be a lance-knight and the duchess to be his woman. The child, for cold and sustenance, cried pitifully; the mother wept as fast; and the heavens rained as fast as the clouds could pour." Bertie understood but little Dutch; "and, by reason of evil weather and late season of the night, he could not happen upon any that could speak English, French, Italian, or Latin." In this extremity he determined to place his wife under the shelter of the porch of the great church, and was proceeding thither when he overheard two boys talking in Latin. He accosted them, and offered a couple of stivers to be conducted to the house of any of the Walloons. The very first house to which the boys led them, chanced to be that in which their friend Rivers was at supper! Hearing some one inquire for him, he "came to the door, and beholding Master Bertie, the duchess and their child, their faces, apparels, and bodies, so far from their old form, deformed with dirt, weather, and heaviness, could not speak to them, nor they to him, for tears. At length, recovering themselves, they saluted one another, and so together entered the house, God knoweth full joyfully:

Master Bertie changing of his apparel with the goodman, the duchess with the goodwife, and their child with the child of the house." They resided at Wesel until the Lutheran formula broke up their congregation: when the main body of the Wesel exiles removed to Arau, in Switzerland, under the guidance of Thomas Lever, afterwards Master of Sherburn. The duchess and her husband did not accompany them. They removed to Weinheim, and, finally, in 1557, through the friendship of à Lasco, were received with great honor by the King of Poland, and appointed a residence in Samogitia, now part of the Russian province of Vilna. There they remained until after the death of Mary.

Sandys' escape was a remarkable one, and is admirably related by Foxe. He remained for some time at Strasburgh with the other exiles who assembled round Peter Martyr.

The teaching of that eminent man attracted to the same place Grindal, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Cole, afterwards president of Corpus, and Ponet, the deprived Bishop of Winchester. At Strasburgh were also Sir John Cheke, Sir Anthony Cook, (father of Lady Cecil, Lady Bacon, and the rest of the five learned sisters,) Sir Richard Morison, Sir Peter Carew, and many others.

Bullinger drew many to Zurich. Among them were Laurence Humfrey, afterwards professor of divinity at Oxford, Parkhurst, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, Pilkington, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and Bentham, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. Twelve of these English exiles dwelt in the house of Froshover, the celebrated printer, "like brothers and with great glee," says Humfrey, who was one of them; not merely protected, but treated with infinite respect, by the magistrates and all the citizens. Bullinger had indeed old claims upon the regard of the English; for in Henry VIII.'s time, when there were many exiles under the law of the Six Articles, he had received them with singular kindness; and, by enlightening their minds upon theological questions, had greatly conduced to the progress of the reformation, by the part they were able to take in it on their return home under Edward VI. Hooper, the martyr, is a striking instance in proof of this. Nothing can be more friendly, or more affectionately respectful than some letters addressed by him to Bullinger, recently found at Zurich.\* They bring Hooper before us more effectively than any of his writings ever before published.

On the decease of Conrad Pellicanus, the venerable professor of Hebrew at Zurich, Peter Martyr was invited to fill the vacant chair; when he removed thither, which was on the 13th July, 1556, Jewell, Sandys, Grindal, and other of the English exiles, accompanied him. From that time Zurich may be regarded as the chief seat of these banished men. Bullinger, Martyr, and their friends, lived together in the greatest harmony; and many a sigh did the English exiles often heave, after their return to England, and their exaltation to be dwellers in palaces, when they remembered the quiet days and simple pleasures which they enjoyed at Zurich.

Before this union of the followers of Martyr and Bullinger, the most numerous congregation of the English had been attracted to Frankfort: partly by its greater nearness to England than either Zurich or Strasburgh—partly also by the kindness of their reception, and by the privileges granted to them by

the magistrates.\* At Frankfort, besides Sir Francis Knollys, and Henry, his son, were Crowley, afterwards Archdeacon of Hereford, Horn, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and for a time, Sampson, Dean of Chichester, together with Traheron, who had been King Edward's librarian.

Coverdale was released from prison on the interference of the King of Denmark, and was afterwards for some time at Wesel; Scory, Bishop of Chichester, joined the flock at Emden, as also did Willock, the future coadjutor of Knox. None of the exiles seem at first to have attached themselves to Calvin, except perhaps Lever. Even he went to Geneva upon the recommendation of Bullinger, and remained there only until he received a call to Wesel. Bale, Foxe, and some others, connected themselves with printers more decidedly than with divines; and were attracted to Strasburgh, Basle, and Zurich, by Rihelius, Oporinus, and Froshover, rather than by Martyr or Bullinger.

The support of so large a company must have been a subject of great anxiety; and it appears to have been managed with systematic and judicious care. Many of the exiles brought away with them money or jewels sufficient for their maintenance for a considerable period; others received occasional remittances from friends who were intrusted with the management of their property; others, again, earned a small pittance by the exercise of mechanical employments, or by teaching, translating, or correcting the press; and it was an established regulation amongst them, that every one should exert himself to procure from his relatives and friends such assistance as they could afford to give. Still there were many who were altogether without support. For their benefit there was formed a fund, which was principally derived from contributions remitted from England, and especially from the metropolis. Throughout this crisis, the citizens of London are most honorably distinguished by their support of Protestantism in the persons of these exiles, as well as by their contributions in behalf of those who suffered at home. The fund thus raised was administered with true mercantile care and prudence, principally by two citizens who were among the exiles—Richard Hilles and Richard Chambers. Both these men deserve to be had in perpetual remembrance. The former had been established as a draper, or dealer in English cloth, at Strasburgh, as well as in London, long before Mary's time, and was of great service to the exiles in many ways. His princely heart may be estimated from one fact. After Elizabeth's accession, when his brethren of the Merchant Tailors' Company determined to institute their now celebrated school, Richard Hilles gave in one sum £500 towards accomplishing their object. Chambers had been distinguished in Edward VI.'s reign by his liberality to young men of promise who were studying at the universities; and, during the exile, his fellow-sufferers emptied his purse rather than shared its contents. Thomas Eton, another London merchant, who is commemorated by Humfrey as "the common host" of all the exiles at Strasburgh, was literally ruined by his unsparing bounty. In 1578, when Eton was a very aged man, he was so reduced in circumstances, that Lord Burghley was requested, by one who had been himself among the objects of his noble charity, to allow him to export some thousands of pieces of cloth without paying custom. Such a fact clearly testifies to Eton's generosity, but does little credit to the gratitude of

\* We judge only from the translations published in the Original Letters edited by Dr. Robinson, (pp. 33, 106.) We shall be happy to find that it is intended to publish the originals.

\* Grindal's Remains, p. 239.

the ecclesiastical dignitaries who had been partakers of it in the day of their distress.

Whilst the home literature of Mary was strictly defensive and retrogressive, that of the exiles, on the contrary, was aggressive in all directions. In England, there was only one object; which was, to lead back the people into the old paths, as fast as possible. This was to be done by means of the Use of Sarum, the Hours of Our Lady, primers and manuals, breviaries, missals, and processions, (many of them printed abroad,) by sermons of Ambrose and Augustine, and Bonner's Homilies, and Gardiner on Obedience, and the works of Sir Thomas More, (one of the most beautiful books of English typography,) by the song of the Child Bishop, sung before the queen on St. Nicholas' day, and by the ballads of joy for her majesty's being with child. These, with fire and fagot, were to be the great instruments of reconversion. All the real literature of the country was put into the *Index Expurgatorius* of a proclamation, which forbade the reading of the works of the foreign divines, Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Bullinger, Martyr, à Lasco, Ochin, &c., together with those of Latimer, Barnes, Bale, Hooper, Coverdale, Tyndall, Crammer, Becon, Frith, &c. Whilst law was called upon to terrify by its most savage butcheries, literature was regarded as though it had been its especial province to lull the public mind into a state of blessed dormancy and rest. Not such was the estimate of its power or its purposes, which the exiles formed. Romanism, like the strong man armed, had gotten possession of the house; but he was not to be allowed to keep his goods in peace. The exiles considered themselves to be as voices crying in the wilderness, whose very end it was to arouse from torpor and security. "Flattery dwelling at home," says old Bale, "and sucking there still his mother's breast, may never tell out the truth, he seeth so many dangers on every side; as displeasure of friends, decay of name, loss of goods, offence of great men, punishment of body, and jeopardy of life, with such other like. The forsaken, wretched sort, hath the Lord provided always to rebuke the world of sin, for want of true faith; of hypocrisy, for want of perfect righteousness; and of blindness, for lack of godly judgment. For nought is it not, therefore, that He hath exiled a certain number of believing brethren the realms of England; of the which afflicted family my faith is that I am one. Whereupon I have considered it no less than my bound duty, under pain of damnation, to admonish Christ's flock, by this present revelation, of their perils past, and the dangers to come."\*

Those solemn words, although not written at this particular time, exhibit the faith of those exiles in the hidden meaning of all their trials; and most daringly did they act upon it. In their publications the peculiar practices of Romanism were turned inside out, and exposed to popular contempt and ridicule; the fundamental articles of its creed were met by rough but solid argumentation; the events which were taking place at home, were commented upon in a tone of the most insulting disparagement and condemnation; the Spanish alliance was reproached with an intensity of hatred; and even the foundation of Mary's throne was assailed by a trumpet blast, which summoned all men to a crusade against the "monstrous regiment of women." In all this there was a great deal that ought to be gravely censured, but not without a due allowance for the situation in which these men were placed. We

can feel no sympathy for those who gloss over the bad actions of Mary's advisers, but dilate with horror upon the hard speeches of the exiles. The gentlemen who are most scandalized by these coarse and intemperate publications, are delighted, instead of being disgusted, with the scurrility and insult which, in the succeeding age, were levelled at the puritans and their religious leaders. But on the want of manners, or other wants, in the writings of our first reformers, we cannot enter now. All competent judges must admit, that among the exiles there were determined students and clever writers. Knox, Bale, Goodman, Ponet, Scory, Sampson, Turner, Becon, Traheron, Pilkington, Humfrey, and Foxe, all come within the latter description; and manfully they strove, by every means in the power of their pens, to arouse the public feeling against the tyranny which had driven them from their homes, and against the persecution which was making England a reproach and a scorn amongst all Christian nations.

Of all the writers we have named, the last has ultimately exercised by far the greatest influence, through the medium of his *Book of Martyrs*. The history of that celebrated book seems to be strangely misunderstood. Even the editors of the last "new and complete edition"\* exhibit an ignorance upon the subject, less excusable in them, but not more singular, than that of other people. Some peculiar facilities enable us at the present time to give a few particulars, which will not be unacceptable to our bibliographical readers; and which will, we hope, be tolerated by other persons, on account of the importance of the work to which they relate.

When Foxe escaped from England, after the manner we have before mentioned, he bore away with him, what is, generally, the chief possession of a poor scholar, the manuscript of an unfinished work. It related to the history of the church. Its object was to prove, by a chain of examples, that from ages long past, persons had from time to time arisen who had professed, and had been persecuted for professing, those very opinions which the church of Rome, in its war against the reformers of the sixteenth century, was accustomed to stigmatize as new. Besides the historical and theological uses of such a work, Foxe looked forward to it as displaying admirable examples of constancy and calm fortitude in the victims, and hateful exhibitions of cruelty and wickedness in the persecutors. He designed to gather his proofs from all parts of Europe; but as far as he had proceeded in his collections—and his work was as yet little more than a mass of collections—they related principally to Wickliffe and his followers. In September, 1554, about two months after Foxe's arrival on the continent, there was to be held at Frankfort one of those fairs which were then celebrated literary marts. Foxe, probably on the suggestion of his printer, who in those days was the publisher also, determined to divide his contemplated book into two parts; the former was to comprise the period before, and the latter that after, the year 1500, and he set his heart on having the former part ready for sale at the coming fair. In spite of ill health, of the difficulty of procuring information, of the necessity for prosecuting

\* London. 8 vols. 8vo, 1837—41. We term it "complete," because it so terms itself; but the 9th volume, promised in 1841, has not yet made its appearance. The blemishes so severely commented upon by Mr. Maitland, render it imperative upon the editors, publishers, and everybody connected with this edition, to do something more than they have yet done, towards setting themselves right with their subscribers and the public.

\* Bale's *Image of both Churches*, sig. A. v.

—at the same time with this literary work—the daily labor of correcting the press by which he earned his bread; and notwithstanding the many inconveniences to which an exile newly arrived in a foreign country is exposed, the zealous writer accomplished his design. But it was by confining himself to the history of Wickliffe and the Wickliffites, with the addition of the kindred case of John Huss. The book, thus limited in subject, is a small 8vo. volume, 6 inches by 3 1-2, and contains 212 numbered leaves, with seven leaves of titlepage and dedication, which are not numbered. It was printed at Strasburgh, by Wendelin Rihelius, and was dedicated, on the 31st August, 1554, to Christopher Duke of Wirtemberg: \* a prince who added to many other good deeds that of being a liberal benefactor to the English exiles. Such was his friendship for them, that on one occasion he gave the princely donation of “three or four hundred dollars”† to those who were at Strasburgh, besides a further sum bestowed at Frankfort. Foxe could not have selected a better patron. In his dedication, which, like all the rest of the work, is written in Latin, Foxe laments the divisions that prevailed throughout the Christian world, and especially in his native country, “our England,” as he terms it, which used to be the asylum of persecuted churches, and of all good men. He sets before the duke the nature of his work, and its twofold division; and he solicits pardon for a dedication which proceeded from a person who was neither known to his highness, nor had ever seen him. He could only plead for his excuse, that he was simply prompted by the praises of his character, as a student of Christian truth, and as a protector of the English, which, on his arriving in that country, had met his ear on every side.

Such is the history of the first design, and of the first published portion of Foxe’s ultimately ponderous work. The particulars we have stated are not to be found in the works of our bibliographers, which may be accounted for by the extreme rarity of the little book to which they relate. There are copies of it, however, in the British Museum, and at the Bodleian, and a copy was recently secured for the library of her majesty; but few books of that particular period are, on the whole, more difficult to be met with.‡

Foxe states, at the conclusion of his *Liber primus*, that he should proceed immediately with his

intended continuation; but the circumstances which ensued in England produced a considerable change in his design. Within a few months after his book had been issued, his unhappy country became the scene of a persecution, which threw into the shade all modern examples of religious rage. The Marian persecutors shed the blood of—“take them for all in all”—the noblest body of victims that were ever offered upon an unrighteous altar. These horrible atrocities called aloud for an historian. Grindal, who had been one of Ridley’s chaplains, and had considerable influence both at home and among the exiles, kept up a correspondence with England, for the purpose of procuring authentic details of the examinations and sufferings of the most distinguished martyrs. At first it was intended that Foxe should translate these narratives into Latin, and publish each one separately, with liberty to introduce his translations afterwards into the contemplated continuation of his *Ecclesiastical History*; and that somebody else, probably some person of higher station and more influence than Foxe—who was at that time a very poor man, and but little known—should, in the mean time, publish the same narratives in English. This was really done in the instance of the narrative of Philpot’s examinations, which were published separately, both in Latin and English. Foxe received also from Grindal, with the same view, Bradford’s examinations, and those of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; all which he translated into Latin. But there was a failure in the English portion of the intended publications, and also in the scheme of separate publication in Latin. Queen Mary died: the more prominent among the exiles hurried home to possess themselves of mitres and benefices; whilst Foxe was left to correct the press at Basle—whither he had now removed—and to do what he could with his Latin translations of examinations and his *Ecclesiastical History*. In the mean time he had some dispute with Rihelius, the printer of his first book. Rihelius was a morose man, and was attached to the Lutheran formula of the Eucharist. The instances which Foxe would have to allege in the continuation of his *Ecclesiastical History*, were, many of them, those of suffering Calvinists; and either the temper or the principles of Rihelius revolted against being made the setting-forth of the stout constancy of misbelievers. The disagreement was, in the end, a fortunate event for Foxe. It led to an arrangement with Nicholas Brylinger and John Oporinus, printers of a higher order than Rihelius; and, under their auspices, Foxe proceeded to publish a further portion of his *Ecclesiastical History*. Still he clung to his notion that it was to be an European history; and, in forming his collections, inserted many things that related to foreign countries. But the recent miserable notoriety of England, the greater interest of English affairs in his estimation, and the important materials communicated to him by Grindal, gave to English transactions, and to English martyrs, so great a preponderance, in his collections, that he was obliged again to subdivide his work. Accordingly, he put forth his new publication as *Pars prima*, or the English part, of the great European history which he still contemplated. His second book is a small folio, containing 732 numbered pages, and 12 unnumbered pages of title and dedication. It was printed at Basle, by Brylinger and Oporinus, and was published in the year 1559. The date does not appear upon the title-page; but it is

\* The title-page runs thus: “Commentarii rerum in ecclesia gestarum, maximarumque, per totam Europam, persecutionum a Vuicleui temporibus ad hanc usque ætatem Descriptio. Liber primus. Autore Joanne Foxo Anglo. His in calce accesserunt Aphorismi Joannis Vuicleui, cum collectaneis quibusdam, Reginaldi Pecoki Episcopi Cicestrensis. Item, ὁμιλογησάμενα quædam ad Oxonienses. Argentorati. Excudebat Vuendelinus Rihelius. Anno M.D.LIII.

† Strype’s *Cranmer*, p. 361.

‡ The copy we have referred to has been most obligingly lent for our use by Mr. Stewart, an eminent theological bookseller in London. At the close of the book, Foxe subjoined, as is indicated in the title-page, an address to the University of Oxford. Its subject is the return of the University to what he terms the obsolete and long-explored doctrine of transubstantiation. He appeals to them principally upon the score of their ancient support of the contrary doctrine, in the time of Wickliffe, when Oxford, as he alleges, was the great patron of Christian truth. One fact, which he here states respecting the sister university, deserves to be remembered. It is, that in Mary’s time twenty-six scholars of one college left Cambridge rather than subscribe to transubstantiation. Were these Pembroke Hall men?

stated at the end, and it may be gathered also from the dedication, which is dated on the 1st September, 1559.

The accession of Elizabeth having opened to him a communication with his native country, Foxe looked among his ancient friends for a second patron; and in a dedication, which was cut short by want of time and by the near approach of another fair, he laid his book at the feet of his friend and pupil the Duke of Norfolk. The dedication is followed by a treatise, *De Historiæ hujus utilitate et fructu*, which was afterwards translated and altered into the preface on "The Vtilitie of this Story," which appears in the subsequent English editions. A few words follow *Ad Lectorem*. In these, Foxe explains the history of the book, and states that two editions of it were printing at the same time, one at Basle in Latin, and the other at Geneva in French. The latter book was either never issued, or, if issued, has, from some cause or other, become most extraordinarily rare. We have been unable to discover any trace of the existence of a single copy of it; yet there can be no doubt, from Foxe's language, that at all events some part of it passed through the press. The first book of the edition of 1559 is a reprint, with alterations, of the little Strasburgh octavo of 1554. The second book carries down the history to the end of Edward VI. The four following books relate to the reign of Mary. They contain the Latin translation by Valerandus Pollanus of Philpot's account of the disputations in the Convocation House in 1553; the history of Lady Jane Grey; Foxe's supplication to the nobles of England to stay the persecution under Mary; and narratives of the sufferings of the principal martyrs, from Rogers to Cranmer—such narratives being, for the most part, merely Foxe's Latin translations of the papers forwarded to him by Grindal. The book was evidently got up in the greatest haste, and is not without some singular blunders; but it has considerable bibliographical interest as illustrating the history of a work of great celebrity; it exhibits, moreover, the employment of one of the most meritorious of the exiles; and even at the present day is not without its literary use, of which we will give a proof, which, in its way, is rather curious.

Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, was kept in prison for about a year and a half before he suffered at the stake. During that time he sent to Bullinger, "An Hyperaspismus [Hyperaspistes!] touching the true doctrine and use of the Lord's Supper," dedicated to the English parliament, together with some other papers, all of which he requested Bullinger to procure to be printed. The letter which accompanied these manuscripts is in existence among Bullinger's papers at Zurich, but the manuscripts themselves have disappeared. Diligent search has been made for them by many persons and in many places, and especially at Zurich by the Parker Society. In 1843, we were told by the editor of Hooper's works, that researches were still in progress, and that it was possible these missing papers might yet be found. In 1846, the tidings were, that they did not appear to have been printed, and that the search for the manuscript copies had been without success. It must be interesting, therefore, to these inquirers, and to theological students in general, to be informed, that Hooper's missing Treatise upon the Sacrament, which contained, as he declared, the sentiments of "all the godly and learned" men in England—the sentiments in defence of which they suffered—together with

two letters of Hooper's, being another part of the lost manuscripts sent by him to Bullinger, stand printed in Foxe's publication of 1559, occupying from p. 299 to p. 403. Hooper wrote these papers in Latin, not dreaming that a time would shortly come when they might be safely printed in England. He wished that they should be printed by Froschover, or, if he was too much engaged, by Oporinus. Oporinus, as we have already stated, was one of Foxe's printers; and here, in Foxe's book, these papers will be found as Hooper wrote them, with a few needful allowances for the errors of hasty printing. The Treatise on the Sacrament is not merely interesting from the circumstances under which it was written. It vies in importance with anything upon that subject that was produced in England at the time, and will, we hope, be withdrawn from its lurking-place, and made generally known.\*

Having watched his history safely through the press, Foxe returned to England almost immediately after its publication; and, under the patronage of Daye the printer, was soon busy upon his English work. Fully occupied at home, he yielded the histories of the foreign martyrs to writers who could more easily procure information respecting them—Crispin, and Pantaleon, the latter of whom was recommended to the task by Foxe and Bale. His book (*Hist. Martyrum*. Basle, 1563, fol.) is occasionally found bound up as a continuation of the Foxe of 1559. Crispin is memorable as having led the way by his *Actiones et Monumenta Martyrum*, (Genev. 1560, fol.) to the adoption of "Acts and Monuments" as the ultimate title of Foxe's English work, which was first published in 1563.

Unfortunately, the distinction which the English exiles acquired by their virtues and their literary labors, was not all. There attaches to them another, and a less enviable, cause of celebrity. We refer to the outbreak which occurred among them respecting church vestments and ceremonies. Such a dispute would seem to be too trifling to deserve mentioning; but the troubles at Frankfort were the direct progenitors of the puritanical disturbances which afterwards arose in England; and, in that view, they acquire an importance which otherwise would not belong to them. The book mentioned at the head of this article relates to these disputes. It is, indeed, the only history of them; and must always, therefore, have a certain value, as being a portion of the materials for English history.† The leading facts are soon told. When Whittingham and his companions had escaped the Dover magistrates, and arrived on the coast of Flanders, they proceeded to Frankfort, where Valerandus Pollanus and his Glastonbury weavers willingly

\* We have again to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Stewart in permitting us to use a copy of the edition of 1559. The title is as follows:—"Rerum in ecclesia gestarum, quæ postremis et periculosis his temporibus evenerunt, maximarumque per Europam persecutionum, ac Sanctorum Dei Martyrum, cæterarumque rerum si quæ insignioris exempli sint, digesta per Regna et nationes, Commentarii. Pars prima. In qua primum de rebus per Angliam et Scotiam gestis, atque in primis de horrenda sub Maria nuper Regina, persecutione, narratio continetur. Autore Joanne Foxo Anglo. Basilie, per Nicholaum Brylingerum et Joannem Oporinum." The colophon is, "Basilie, per Nicholaum Brylingerum, et Joannem Oporinum, anno M.D.LIX. Mense Augusto."

† This importance fully justifies the present reprint, and it is convenient to have it page for page like the original; but we wish Mr. Petheram had either followed the *editio princeps*, without any alteration whatever, or else had given a list of his alterations.

allowed them to participate in all the privileges which they had obtained. They joined the Englishmen in a petition to the magistrates, that they might hold their assemblies for public worship in the same building which had been already granted to themselves, and promoted the success of the application by kind and hearty coöperation. The petition was granted, upon condition that the Englishmen should not dissent from the French church in doctrine or ceremonies; and should subscribe a profession of faith, which the Frenchmen had presented to the magistrates, and were about to print. This subscription was given; and the liturgy of the Strangers' church at Frankfort, which was a short Genevan form originally devised by Calvin, was published in 1554,\* with the signatures of John Macbray, John Staunton, William Hamon, John Bendall, and William Whittingham, on behalf of the English strangers. Having thus fraternized with the French congregation, and proved their allowance of its forms and articles of faith, the English refugees proceeded to consider in what manner their own worship should be conducted.

Under the guidance of Whittingham, who had been at Geneva and was intimate with Calvin, it was agreed that the English service-book contained many things which were objectionable, and that it should not be adhered to. A new form, very similar to that used by the French congregation, was adopted with universal concurrence; and Knox and Lever, who were then at Geneva, together with Haddon, who was at Strasburg, were invited to become their ministers. After they had proceeded thus far, they wrote a circular letter to the churches of the exiles in other places, apprising them of what they had done, and inviting them, if we understand rightly the obscure terms of the letter, to follow their example. This unnecessary step was succeeded by instant discord. The laying aside the English prayer-book, and the election of their own ministers, were departures from the English ecclesiastical system, of which the exiles at Strasburg, Zurich, and other places, did not approve. Haddon declined to accept the offered ministry; Lever hesitated; Knox alone obeyed the call, and entered on the charge. Among his supporters were Ball, Foxe, Whittingham, Keith, Macbray, Gilby, Goodman, and others of respectable name; although unquestionably, in point of authority, they were outweighed by those who were on the opposite side. Finding little chance of a settlement without appealing to some authority, Knox and Whittingham "drew forth a plot" of the English service-book, and sent it to Calvin for his opinion; adding, that "some of their countrymen went about to force them to the same, and would admit of no other, saying, that it was an order most absolute, and that, if ever they came into their country, they would do their best to establish it again." Calvin's answer contained words which have done more to render him unpopular with mere church of England men than the burning of Servetus. He treated the English liturgy as one step only in the progress towards a perfect reformation; pronouncing it to contain many *tolerabiles ineptias*, sillinesses that might be endured, dregs of popery, things trifling and childish.

This opinion brought over many of the opponents; but many it only rendered more obstinate. The men of Strasburg and Zurich infected some of the

Frankfort congregation with their scruples; and in the end, it was thought advisable, for the sake of peace, to re-mould the order of service. A new form was accordingly compiled, which was partly taken from the English book: it was approved by a committee, and was directed to be publicly used in the congregation for a certain time; with the understanding, that if any further contention should arise, it should be referred for settlement to Calvin, Musculus, Martyr, Bullinger, and Viret. Peace seemed now restored; when lo! the congregation was joined by King Edward's almoner, Dr. Cox, and some others newly come out of England. They insisted upon the restoration of the English liturgy; they interrupted the peace of the congregation by occupying the pulpit surreptitiously; read the litany, and made the responses, which had been laid aside; and, finally, when Knox opposed them, they accused him to the magistrates of having published treasonable words against the emperor in reference to the match between Mary and Philip, and procured him to be banished from Frankfort. The striking of the shepherd dispersed the flock. Basle and Geneva opened their gates to the party opposed to the English form. Foxe went to the former with Bale; Knox, Whittingham, Gilby, Goodman, Keith, and others, went to Geneva, where, after a time, they were joined by Coverdale. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian, who was then boy of twelve years of age, was there with his father, and says, "As far as I remember, the English church consisted of some hundred persons."† Calvin received these strangers in the place of their second exile with the most liberal hospitality. Sir Richard Morison describes him as having admitted many of them into his own house, and having himself become a mere tenant in his home for their accommodation.‡ Whittingham was one of those to whom this intimacy was extended; and it led to his marriage with Calvin's sister, Catherine.‡

At Geneva the exiles adopted the form of worship which pleased them best,§ and occupied themselves in a work much more creditable to them than their Frankfort squabbles—a revision of the English translation; first of the New Testament, and afterwards of the Old. The former was published in 1557; the latter had not been completed at the accession of Elizabeth. When their companions returned to England, Whittingham and several others remained behind to finish their great task, which was long famous as the Geneva Bible. It was certainly the best English translation of the time. The first edition was published in 1560. After its publication the exiles returned home to swell the note of Puritanism, and to become again the subjects of persecution. It was in the course of that persecution that the *Discourse on the Troubles at Frankfort* was originally published, in the year 1575.

Professor M'Crie, in some observations which are introduced into the preface of the present reprint, gives plausible reasons for attributing the authorship to Whittingham. They do not appear to be quite conclusive; but further inquiry into Whittingham's life may make them so. Anthony Wood has represented him in very hateful colors, as a factious, tasteless church-deseccrator; and, to sum up all faults in one, in the estimation of the Oxford biographer, "a minister according to the Geneva

\* Reliq. Bodleianæ, p. 2.

† Orig. Letters relating to the Reform, p. 147.

‡ Anderson's Annals of Eng. Bible, ii., 311.

§ It has been published. See the *Phoenix*, ii. 204.

\* Liturgia Sacra, seu Ritus Ministerii in ecclesia perigrinorum Francofurtiæ; addita est summa doctrinæ, seu fidei professio ejusdem ecclesiæ. Francf. 1554. 8vo.

fashion." The MS. life of Whittingham, from which we have before quoted, represents the matter very differently. It contains valuable testimonies to his general character from Jewell, Burghley, Warwick, and Leycester, and leads to the inference that he was anything but the cold, precise, and strait-laced being which constituted the puritan after Anthony Wood's notion. At Havre, in 1563, where Whittingham was chaplain to the English forces, "he did so there demean himself, both in his function and in the guise of a soldier's employment, as he, after the experience of the alarms coming on the sudden even in the midst of the sermons, used to preach in his armor continually; and the old captains and soldiers of Berwick would [relate] many years after, that when any alarm came whilst he was preaching, he would be on the town walls as soon almost as any man."

Zealous in his preaching, braving all hazard of contagion in his attention to the soldiers who were swept off by plague, and ready for any service, either as a soldier or a divine, he seems to have been universally esteemed. His usefulness on the town walls may be judged of from the following anecdote:—

"Being sent from the lord-lieutenant with a message to the rhingrave, who long encamped before the town, the rhingrave seeing Mr. Whittingham coming towards him, he spurred his horse, drew his sword or rapier, and came towards Mr. Whittingham in a bravado at full speed, as though he would have assaulted him; whereupon Mr. Whittingham took out one of the pistols he had at his saddle-crutch, and held it out towards the rhingrave, who asked him in French, 'If he were in earnest?' He answered, 'No! only attended to answer what he would put him unto.' The rhingrave carried him to his tent, and caused him to dine with him; and the table being full beset with gentlemen that were Frenchmen, they began to gibe and use broad jests against our nation, which Mr. Whittingham did so return upon them, to the touch of the French, that one of them that sat at the lower end of the table did rise in great fury, drew his dagger, and would have stabbed Mr. Whittingham, if the waiters and some gentlemen rising from the table had not hindered. Whereat the rhingrave, after having showed great indignation against the Frenchmen, caused a great double-gilt bowl to be filled with wine, and drank it off to Mr. Whittingham. Mr. Whittingham pledged the wine, but restored the bowl; which, when Mr. Whittingham would by no means accept of, the rhingrave sent it after him to Newhaven, with this message, that if he did refuse to take it, and keep it for his sake, he would never esteem of him. So Mr. Whittingham took the cup, and left it to his sequels as a monument of the rhingrave's love, and care the rhingrave had to save the wrong he had received at his table."

A man who, puritan though he might be, was thus ready *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, was one of a good stamp; and we hope that our notice of this MS. life of him will incite some competent person to publish it, with an inquiry how far his memory is justly liable to Wood's aspersions.

Many of the exiles died abroad: among them, good Mrs. Wilkinson, Sir Richard Morison, Bartholomew Traheron, Ponet, Bishop of Winchester, and others of considerable celebrity. The bishop took up his residence at Strasburg, and for a part of the time had Sir Peter Carew lodging with him. The house caught fire;—the bishop's treasure was in a cupboard in the wall, and, despite his offers of

reward, no one would adventure his life to save it. Sir Peter, considering "the distress and heaviness of the man," took pity upon him, rushed into the house, broke open the cupboard, and brought out the gold, to his own great risk, and the bishop's infinite delight. But the gold did not save the poor bishop; he fell, as many others did, a victim to the sorrows and troubles of a melancholy exile, the speedy termination of which was not foreseen.

Those who returned soon encountered many troubles, and did not, perhaps, act with all the fortitude and wisdom which might have been anticipated; yet, judging of them, not individually, but as a body, they did good service to the cause of the reformation, both during their exile and after their return; and are entitled to the respect and gratitude of their fellow-countrymen. Honor and even reverence are their due. But our notice of their troubles would ill express our feelings, were we to close it without acknowledging—gratefully acknowledging—another obligation. Never should we forget the honorable reception which they met with in so many of the free towns of Switzerland and Germany. The privileges of municipalities are never exhibited to more advantage than in sheltering exiles for conscience-sake. Nor does the memory of the hospitalities of mercy pass away. Even now, after the lapse of three centuries, the hearts of Englishmen will warm at the remembrance of them: fulfilling the prophecy made by Grindal to the magistrates of Frankfurt:—"Nulla unquam dies hoc vestrum beneficium Anglorum animis eximet."

From the Spectator, 1 May.

#### MONEY.

THE impromptu debate in parliament on the finances, at the beginning of the week, partly reflected and has partly stimulated a vehement discussion out of doors on the state of alarm in the city, and its causes. The objects of the disputants have been, severally, to inculcate or to defend the bank charter act or the bank; and the dispute has been encumbered with an immense maze of figures and calculations. Two of the most conspicuous disputants have been letter-writers in the *Times*—"Mercator," understood in the city to be Mr. Jones Loyd; and "Vindicator," who may be conjectured to be Mr. Horsely Palmer. Mr. Loyd is said to have an old feud with the bank, and appears, of course, as its assailant. He is not, however, among the indiscriminate partisans of the bank charter act. Much of what has been uttered on all sides may be passed over; the main facts are these.

At the close of August last, although some persons predicted difficulty, all was ease and confidence with the public: the amount of bullion in the bank coffers was £16,170,000; the rate at which the bank discounted freely was 3 per cent. In the interval, causes which were even then in operation have acted with a more marked pressure on the money-market: there has been a drain of gold to pay for corn imported on account of Ireland; the eleemosynary works in that country have been draining the surplus in the imperial exchequer; the political feelings of the folks on 'change have been agitated with "fears of change;" and, although in a subdued form, the railway mania has still had its periodic influence. The price of consols, which in August last ranged at nearly 96, is now down to about 87; the bullion in the bank, which in August was about £16,000,000, is now about £9,000,000, and is still under the action of a drain the end

of which is not foreseen. These have been the great operations upon the bank that are patent to the view.

Other operations may have happened, of which there is no means to take cognizance: the private banks may have contracted the circulation so far as it depends on their operation; and such is ostensibly the case: but it is very generally understood that this appearance is delusive, and that the private banks have in circulation a species of paper which evades the restrictive operation of the law.

Now the conduct of the bank and the working of the bank charter act come under criticism. According to the direct operation of the act, as soon as the signs of difficulty appeared in the unfavorable state of the exchanges, or still more imperatively in the drain of bullion from the issue department of the bank, the directors, who have the command jointly of the issue and banking departments, ought to have contracted their issues in proportion to the drain of bullion. So they did, in the issue department. But they neutralized that effect by their conduct in the other department. Instead of following the general rate of discount and contracting their outpourings from that department, taking in a reef or so in compliance with the prevalent signs of trouble, they did the very reverse: they continued a low rate of discount; and while they, as managers of the issue department, contracted the circulation of paper proportionately to the contraction of the metallic basis, as managers of the banking department they expanded it by pouring forth their reserve of notes, until that which stood at £9,500,000 on the 29th of August, had been wasted to £2,558,000 on the 17th of April. The effect was, that the recognized circulation, as indicated by the bank returns, which stood at £31,067,000 in August, was £21,152,000 on the 17th of April! Before matters had quite reached this point, the panic abroad communicated some fears to the bank, and it suddenly pulls up with a jerk; raising its rate of discount to an ostensible minimum of 5 per cent., but aggravating the effect of that restriction by the utmost selectness in allowing discounts.

Such are the chief facts which lead to the opposing conclusions that we have noted. The opponents of the restrictive provisions in the bank charter act loudly exclaim that the act does not work perfectly; it is not infallibly, peremptorily, and quite independently of the human feelings of bank directors, self-adjusting. It is not, as we learn by this experience, an ideal statute through which it is impossible to drive a coach-and-six. On the other hand, the bank directors are angrily denounced. They appear, however, to have broken no laws—except those of common sense. The lawmaker had a right to presume that a great commercial body like the banking department would be influenced by the normal influences of commerce and the rules of sound banking; and if the result does not warrant that presumption, it rather suggests an amended course for the future than supplies just ground of complaint against the lawmaker. Possibly the directors, with their immense capital, did not like to throw away the profits derivable from brisk discounting at rates of discount underbidding the other banks. Possibly also they were haunted by some traditional impressions as to their function of balancing the circulation; and also swayed by city sympathies and the civic reluctance to use stern measures towards mercantile allies. Be all this as it may, the managers of that great trading body called the banking department of the bank of England have been doing their best to coun-

teract their own acts as managers of the official branch called the issue department; they have done their best to neutralize or at least postpone the operation of their own charter act. Such conduct, of course, will not be forgotten on the next revival of the charter.

We have now marshalled all the facts that concern the conduct of the bank; but a few of a more general kind are observable. Although there is "panic" in the city, and although deputations are coming up to London to complain of the currency-laws, there really appears to be no proportionate amount of "distress." The currency appears to be nearly at the old level. Trade is *not* in a worse state. The reports, indeed, vary; but with statements that the resort to short time increases, come others that "extensive orders" cannot be executed for want of "accommodation." There are not, therefore, the glutted markets and stagnant employment of former panics; but there is a temporary deficiency of floating capital as compared with the opportunities for commercial activity. The instant difficulty is great, but trade really seems to be reviving. Although there is an outcry, the *Gazettes* do not exhibit corresponding arrays of bankruptcies. Thus far there are the fears of 1825 without the disasters. The disturbance bears all the features of a purely banking derangement. Many questions will occur, but as yet the evidence for a settlement of any one is hardly complete. How far the "distress" was avoidable or not, cannot be determined; but it is undeniable that the drain of our resources for food imported, and for inevitably wasteful modes of aiding of helpless Ireland, must have pinched the country for a time. Perhaps the pinch ought to have been felt sooner. But it is not clear that any serious mischief has been done. Although the bank of England, at the expense of a recklessness in risk that could not have been foreseen, has succeeded, by a perverse zeal, in deferring the plain operation of the currency-laws, it has not been able to prevent that operation. It has been obliged to yield at last, and the restrictive laws are in operation. Some of the loudest denouncers, who professed to assail those laws because they appeared to be inoperative, dislike them because they are stringent. Conflicting complaints must not be taken cumulatively, but as mutually corrective. On the whole, it appears to us, that with the sensitiveness peculiar to city folks, with the lively imagination peculiar to money-writers, the conclusions drawn from the evidence of the facts thus far have been hasty, sweeping, and exaggerated.

*Switzerland and the Swiss Churches.* By W. L. ALEXANDER, D. D.

This is a little work of great merit and singular modesty. Like Dr. Massie, who has recently traversed the same ground, Dr. Alexander is a Congregationalist minister; but he has not forgotten his Christianity in his sectarianism, and has exerted himself to discover what is meritorious, as well as what is blamable, in the doctrines and practices of different creeds. The most interesting part of his work is that in which he shows that the prevalence of rationalism and infidelity in Geneva has been a necessary result of the institutions of Farel and Calvin. This is not the only point in which what is called D'Aubigné's History would more appropriately be named the Romance of the Reformation; and when we remember the strength of the prejudices prevailing on the subject in Scotland, we cannot withhold praise from the courage, as well as the candor, manifested by Dr. Alexander in these disclosures.—*Athenæum*.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WILFUL murder." Two ugly words to be flung in the teeth of a young nobleman. Nevertheless, a Surrey jury, having sat upon the body of Ebenezer Snipeton, returned such verdict—went through such matter of form, as Tangle benevolently explained it away, and young St. James, in Kingston gaol, awaited the opening of the sessions. Happily, however, for his cause, Mr. Montecute Crawley was retained, and from the interest he expressed for the young nobleman himself, and for the house of St. James at large, there was no doubt that the learned counsel would be more than ordinarily pathetic. Kingston gaol was for some weeks the resort of very fashionable people, tender in inquiries touching the health and spirits of the noble offender; and—we sigh for human depravity as we chronicle the wickedness—more than one Kingston innkeeper was known to express a lively hope that "some fine young lord would kill a money-lender every week, it did such a world of good for business." Thus, day after day between the murder and the trial was benevolently killed by the friends of St. James for his ease and consolation.

And the outcast, vagabond horse-stealer and returned convict, was not left friendless to count the passing hours between the dungeon and the gibbet. The member for Liquorish, at least once a week, condescended to visit Kingston gaol, generally accompanied by Mr. Tangle, who, suddenly, expressed the tenderest sort of professional sympathy toward the offender. Mr. Capstick, the lawyer, and Bright Jem, were one day, some fortnight before the sessions, at the prison with St. Giles in counsel upon his mode of defence, a subject which the muffin-maker seemed to fondle with growing affection—when they were summoned by the turnkey.

"If you please, gen'lemen, and you, St. Giles, you're wanted in the infirmary," said the man.

"With the greatest pleasure—certainly," said Mr. Capstick. "What's the matter?"

"Why, the prisoner, Tom Blast"—he had been committed to safe custody to insure his evidence—"wants to die."

"Well," cried Capstick. "Has anybody expressed any objection?"

"Not in the least," said the turnkey, "only he says he can't die comfortable, afore he sees you, sir, and the prisoner, St. Giles, in partic'lar. He says he wants to make himself as clean as he can afore he goes out o' the world, and the governor has sent for the magistrate and clerk that all things may be done proper."

"Very right—most important," exclaimed Capstick. "Come along, St. Giles: well, death's a rare softener. The inexpressible rascal! Poor miserable wretch!" and Capstick, duly followed, proceeded to the infirmary.

Snipeton's bullet had done its work, although Mr. Crossbone's professional reputation had been duly vindicated, and the lead extracted from the ruffian. It had, nevertheless, left its mortal sting behind; Tom's intemperate habits had rendered him, as the doctor familiarly observed to the sufferer, a ticklish subject; inflammation ensued, and Thomas Blast was in a fair way, in his last hour, to defeat the prophecy of past envy, and to die in a bed with naked feet. "If I had n't a drunk so, doctor says I'd ha' got over it," observed that philosophic scoundrel to the nurse. "It is n't the lead, but the gin. Well, if gin is n't the devil himself—cheat

him as you may, he's sure in the end to be down upon us." These moral reflections were delivered by Blast with the air of a man who, nevertheless, believes that he has strength or luck enough in him to beat the devil in the long run, though he does not care to withhold a compliment to the subtlety of the demon. But days wore on, and Tom—in the agony of a hopeless soul—began to execrate the past, and to howl at the future. A day or two, a few hours, and all would be known! The chaplain of the prison preached repentance, and the culprit writhed at the adjuration as though beneath the lash. It was impossible *then* to repent; it was only to add to crime a mockery of goodness. Nevertheless, he would confess. Yes; he would lift away somewhat of the load of lies that stifled his heart; though it was no use—he knew that—still he would do it. No harm at least could come of it; and it would be something, at least for him, to do any deed which was not hurtful to somebody. And so—he would confess.

Hereupon the turnkey, by direction of the governor, proceeded to St. Giles' dungeon, and delivered the summons. Death was in Blast's face—death in his eyes—and he mumbled with a dying tongue. His awful look, his silent fight with the mastering power of nature, subdued in St. Giles all thought, all purpose of revenge. He saw before him the man who had stamped upon his yielding childhood the ineffaceable brand of infamy—he, the felon reserved for the gibbet, beheld the villain who had, in very babyhood, pre-doomed him—and yet he viewed him with compassion, with charitable looks, for he saw a human creature fast subsiding into churchyard clay. St. Giles moved silently to the dying man; and, after a brief inward struggle, betokened by an outward shiver, held forth his hand to his old and early enemy.

"I can't take it, St. Giles—I can't take it—it would scorch me—burn me—like—like where I'm going," muttered Blast; and still he fought for breath. "Don't speak—nobody—make no noise. And you, sir, God bless you—if I may say God—you, sir, take down what I say;" and Blast motioned to the magistrate's clerk, prepared to take the deposition. "Now, then," cried Blast, and with an effort, the result of indomitable will asserting its last, he sat up in the bed, and controlled the horrid working of his face, the convulsive movement of his limbs. He looked terribly calm as he thus delivered himself—"St. Giles, poor boy! never stole no horse—I did it—I tricked him into it—I had the money for it—I made a thief of him—and I transported him. I wish I could live to be hanged for it—don't laugh, I do—so that they should n't hurt a hair of that poor cretur's head. It's been a bad world to him all along, but I've been the worst devil in it to him—and I know it. I'm a-goin' where I must answer for it. There—that's all I have to say. He was wrongfully transported, and had a right to come back agin. If any harm comes to him for it, it's murder, that's all. I've got nothin'—nothin'—more to say," and the poor wretch fell back in the bed.

St. Giles sprang forward and had already one arm about Blast's neck. The dying man unclosed his burning eyes, and, for a minute, gazed intently at his victim. Then his chest heaved and labored, and with a loud sob his heart loosed itself in tears, that trickled down the hands of him who had been his baby victim. Not a sound, save the sobbing of remorse, was heard. And then Capstick coughed loudly, as was his wont, on strong occasions.

Bright Jem shrank into a corner, and plied his arm across his eyes.

"God bless you, St. Giles—yes, now I can say it; I did n't think I could—God bless you, St. Giles. Whatever fortin's left for you in this world, you're all right, *you* are in—in—" and Blast, as though choking, paused.

At this moment, an old acquaintance of the reader's, Kingcup, schoolmaster, entered. He was followed by a clean, comely looking child; no other than that babe of the gutter, little Jingo. When St. Giles, wandering from the town of Liquorish, into its green neighborhood, met Bright Jem, it may be remembered that, a minute after, young Jingo fell into the hands of his brother. Bright Jem was bound on an errand to the schoolmaster; and St. Giles, revealing himself to his early friend, took with him the vagabond boy, and briefly telling the story of his destitution, of his certain destruction in the hands of Blast, implored and induced the good old man to receive the child, Bright Jem—Capstick was for a time to know nothing of the matter—answering for necessary charges. Kingcup, one of the unrewarded heroes of the world—a conscientious village schoolmaster—received the child as he would have snatched him from fire or flood. And the boy, in a brief time, unconsciously vindicated the wisdom, the goodness of Almighty Nature, that does not—however contrary the old-fashioned creed—send into the world crowds of infant villains; sucking scoundrels who grow in wickedness as in stature; and would seem only sent upon earth the better, by shadows, to bring out the lights of respectable life. Jingo looked clean and happy; and had lost that sly, sidelong, hound-like look which, at the breast, he had been taught to copy even from the eyes that gazed down upon him. Early teaching this—but even at this moment, how many the pupils!

Bright Jem, saying no word to St. Giles, had written to Kingcup to come to the prison with his pupil.

"Why—who's that?" cried Blast, fixing his eyes upon the child; "it can't be him—no, it can't be. That's how he would have looked, poor creature, if—if he'd had a mother; if—" Here the boy held forth his hand. Blast seized it, and snatched him close to the bed. At the moment, it was plain death was in the man's throat—was creeping into his eyes; for he drew the boy's face close to his own, and tried—and tried to read it—and seemed baffled—and still tried. And then he passed his dying hand over the little face, and a smile—a smile of knowledge and assurance—gleamed in the features of the dying man. It was their last living expression: the next instant they were blank clay.

There was silence for a minute: and then Capstick, with a loud prefatory cough, observed to the magistrate, "The deposition is quite in form, I hope?"

"Perfectly right, sir. With deponent's mark, and duly witnessed. All in form, sir," answered the clerk.

"I should like to have a copy," said Capstick, as he turned away with the magistrate.

"Certainly; I can't see any objection. Nevertheless, my dear sir, and though I very much admire your energy in this affair; nevertheless, it would be very wrong of you to hope—don't hope," said his worship.

"I can't help it," said Capstick; "it's my infirmity: an ailment I trust I shall carry to the

grave." And the muffin-maker, urged by the inveteracy of the disease, walked from the prison with the magistrate, affirming that it was impossible for any Christian government to hang a man in the face of such a deposition.

The magistrate paused, smiled, and, making a farewell bow, blandly observed—"Impossible! My dear sir, you'll pardon my frankness; but—I must say it—I wonder that you, as a member of parliament, don't know better—very much better—than to say so. Good morning."

Time passed, and the trumpets brayed, in the streets of Kingston, the advent of Justice. She had come with nicest balance, to weigh the sins of men—with Mercy, doubtless, somewhere in her train to wait upon her.

The trial of young St. James took precedence of the trial of St. Giles. This was to be expected. "Bettors first," as a simple dweller in Kingston observed, in easy gossip, to a neighbor. The trial of a nobleman, and for murder, too, was a great event for the town; and the small traders and inhabitants, in their artless way, hailed it with all due honor. Stalls—even as at joyous fair time—were set up in the streets; and gingerbread and ginger-nuts were offered to the faint and hungry. People put on their best clothes, and at parlor windows, in public houses, and at street corners, airily discussed the question, "whether his lordship would be hanged or not?" The general opinion, however, ran in favor of his lordship's vitality; not from the conviction of his merits in the case; certainly not; but from a stiff-necked belief in a prejudiced people that "they'd never hang a lord, though he'd killed fifty men." And yet, had the good populace paused to think, they might have acknowledged that Tyburn Tree had borne such fruit.

The day of trial dawned. Never before had ostlers been so busy in the town of Kingston. "Never such posting in the memory of man," was an opinion generally indulged in the stable-yards; "never so much nobility and gentry in Kingston afore," was the satisfied thought of innkeepers at the bar. Nobody could have thought that the murder of a money-lender—who, it had been profanely uttered in the street, was better out of the world than in it—would have done so much good for the trade of Kingston.

The town was all life—three-parts fashionable life. Beaux and beauties had flocked from London, significantly to testify, by their presence, to the high character of the interesting nobleman about to appear in the dock. The court was opened, and in a few minutes—there was a murmur—a buzz—a profound hush—and young St. James stood a prisoner at the bar, the jury—twelve worthy housekeepers of Surrey—looking at him as they would have looked at one of the royal lions in the tower; a dangerous, but withal a very majestic and interesting creature.

In the first quarter of an hour, everybody showed signs of greatest interest in the case; then, by degrees, anxiety subsided, and ere half an hour had passed, a sudden stranger, uninformed of the awful business of the time, might have thought the court assembled, merely met for casual talk. However, in due season, Mr. Montecute Crawley touched the heart of the assembly. Great was the rustling of silk, when he rose for the defence. He rose, he said, with great difficulty. It was plain that he was inwardly wrestling with great emotion. Already, the tears seemed very close to his eyes, and, at every instant, might he expected to run

over. The learned and lachrymose counsel, in his defence, took a very comprehensive view of the case. If ever he had felt the acuteness of pain—the intensity of suffering from the conviction of his great inability to grapple with a difficulty, it was at that moment. However, he must not shrink, and would, therefore, throw himself upon the best feelings of the jury. The learned counsel said it was impossible that the distinguished nobleman at the bar could have any malice against the deceased, who had brought a violent death upon himself—and he, the counsel, would only fervently hope that the wretched man was well prepared to meet the sudden summons—by the vehemence of his passion. It had been proved in evidence, that the deceased had, from his hiding-place, sprung upon the prisoner; who, with a human instinct, quickened by nobility of blood, drew his weapon, and death ensued. Nobody could regret the issue more than himself; but the jury must bear this in mind. A man—a nobleman—believed himself assaulted by a sudden enemy; and the law of self-preservation—who could deny it!—was paramount to any law, with all humility it might be said, made by king, lords or commons. The prisoner was of noble blood. More than a thousand years ago, the blood that beat at the prisoner's heart was ennobled, and—even as a river, (he would say, the Nile,) flooding from an undiscovered source, widening, deepening on, bearing new glories as it runs, and with increasing and fertilizing magnificence enriching the family of man—so might it be said of the blood in the veins of the nobleman at the bar, that from the time whereto the memory of man ran not to the contrary, it had descended from sire to sire, blessing and benefitting generation after generation. He, the counsel, would beg the jury to consider the effect of even an imaginary blow upon such a man—upon one, whose Norman ancestors had leapt on this soil of merry England, making it their own—on one whose progenitors had bled at Poitiers and Cressy, and Marston-Moor, and—but he would not weary the attention of an enlightened jury by too minute an enumeration of the debts owed by England to the family of the distinguished individual who, at that moment unfortunately—he could not but say, unfortunately stood at the bar. No; he would leave the number to be filled up by the intelligence of the jury he addressed. He would only again beg them to consider the effect of an imaginary blow upon a man whose family had given generals to the field, dignitaries to the court, cancellors to the —

Here the learned counsel—whose eyelids had for some time reddened and trembled, burst into a flood of tears—sank down upon his seat and sobbed in his handkerchief. The effect was very fine upon all in court. Ladies plied their scent-bottles, and one or two, less guarded than the rest, violently blew their noses. After a decent time allowed to grieve, Mr. Montecute Crawley, putting down emotion with giant will, was again upon his legs.

He had nothing more to say. With every confidence he left the case of the nobleman at the bar in the hands of the jury; convinced that they would arrive at such a verdict as would to the last day of their lengthened lives contribute to the sweetness and soundness of their nightly sleep, and the prosperity and happiness of their waking hours.

The judge summed up the case with unusual brevity; and ere Mr. Montecute Crawley had well dried his eyes, the jury returned a verdict—"Not guilty."

Let us pass the burst of applause that shook the roof—the crowding of friends about the innocent nobleman, no longer a prisoner, with his almost instantaneous departure for London in the carriage-and-four, confidently prepared and waiting for him at the prison walls. St. James is a free man. But our story has yet a prisoner—St. Giles.

The next day was appointed for the trial of the returned convict. The court was attended by a few idlers. Capstick, Bright Jem, and Becky—her face scalded with tears—were present; and Mr. Tangle, as solicitor for the prisoner, was very busy, and spoke in terms of considerable tenderness to the Member for Liquorish, assuring him that at least heaven and earth should be moved to save St. Giles. "I tell you, sir," repeated the attorney—"I tell you, I'll move both heaven and earth. My interest can go no further."

"Not yet," said Capstick, and his eyes twinkled.

"Silence in the court!" exclaimed the officer, and the trial was continued.

It was a very matter-of-fact case. The prisoner at the bar had been convicted, when quite a boy, of horse-stealing; evidence was given of judgment, his identity was proved, and there could remain no doubt—nevertheless, if the jury had a scruple the prisoner ought to benefit by it—of the crime of the culprit in the dock. Blast's dying declaration of the innocence of St. Giles was put in; but the judge, biting the end of his quill, shook his head.

Mr. Montecute Crawley, not being very well from the wear-and-tear of his emotions on the previous morning, albeit retained by order of St. James to defend St. Giles, was compelled to resign his brief to his junior, who would be, Mr. Crawley comfortable observed, a very promising young man one day. The young gentleman, evidently satisfied himself with his defence of the prisoner, and, indeed, had hardly ceased to acknowledge the encouraging nod of the leader, when the judge, having shortly summed up, the jury, not stirring from the box, returned their verdict—"Guilty."

There was a heavy fall upon the floor, and poor Becky, pale and insensible as a corpse, was carried out.

The judge placed the black cap upon his head. "Prisoner at the bar," he said, "you have been tried by a jury of your fellow-countrymen, and have been found guilty of a most heinous crime against the peace of our sovereign lord, the king, and the laws of this realm. I am sorry that there is nothing in your case that pleads for the least chance of mercy. Far be it from me to add to your suffering at this moment by any harsh word of mine. Nevertheless, it is only due to society that I should briefly dwell upon the career that has brought you to this most dreadful condition. It appears that, altogether heedless of the blessings of a Christian society and Christian influences, you, at a very early age, in fact, as a mere child, broke the commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Your thefts, I grant, were petty ones; but robbery grows with growth. You proceeded in your reckless conduct, and were, at length—I have the conviction before me—condemned to death for horse-stealing."

"My lord, the deposition!" cried Capstick.

"Take that man into custody, if he speaks another word," thundered the judge to the officer. Then, after a pause, he continued.

"The deposition shall be forwarded to the proper quarter; but I would solemnly advise you, prisoner at the bar, to indulge in no vain hope upon that head. As I have already said, you were con-

demned to death for horse-stealing, when the royal clemency intervened, and your sentence was commuted to transportation. You were sent to a country, blest with a salubrious climate and a most fertile soil. And you ought to have shown your gratitude for your deliverance from a shameful death by remaining in your adopted land. However, your natural hardness of heart prompted you to fly in the face of the king's mercy, and to return to this kingdom. The punishment for this crime is wisely ordered by our law to be death. This punishment you will suffer. In the time, however, that will elapse ere you are called from this world, you will be attended by a Christian minister, who will instruct your darkened mind with the glorious truths of Christianity; will teach you their goodness, their abounding mercy, and, above all, their charity for all men. You will have the means of this consolation; I implore you, make use of them. And now, the sentence of this court is that you be taken to whence you came, and be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Briefly, St. Giles was not hanged. No. St. James repeated the good work of his boyhood, and—aided by Capstick, who made his maiden speech in parliament on the question, calling the attention of the minister to the confession of Blast—St. Giles was pardoned. He married Becky, and lived and died a decent shopkeeper. Indeed, he had so far beaten the prejudices of the world, that ere he parted from it, he had been entrusted with the duties of churchwarden.

St. James, a few weeks after the trial, went abroad, made the grand tour, returned, married a duke's daughter, and, to the end of his days, supported to the utmost the dignity of his order.

Mr. Crossbone, defeated in his hopes of court preferment, again retired to the country, to cultivate the weeds of life. He, however, had the subsequent satisfaction of transporting Mr. Robert Willis for highway robbery; an operation performed at the cheapest cost to Mr. Crossbone, as the robber pillaged him of only four and two-pence and a tobacco-stopper.

A metropolitan tombstone still records the pleasing fact, that Mr. Tangle died at the age of eighty-two, "a faithful husband, an affectionate father, and an unswerving friend. His charity was as boundless as it was unostentatious." Thus speaks Tangle's tombstone! and who—save it may be the recording angel—shall contradict a tomb-stone?

And Clarissa—what of Clarissa! She shrank from the world, and living, was not of life, but died the daily death of a wasting heart—one other victim to the thousands gone and—to come.

And Capstick, at the end of the first session, took office—became the steward of the Children Hundreds. He and Bright Jem went back to the Tub, and many a time would talk of the events, that, all imperfectly, we have chronicled in these pages. Capstick retained his old humor to the last. He would often talk of St. James and St. Giles, and would always end his discourse with something like these words:—

"Well, St. James sneaked away upon a tour, and St. Giles was pardoned; all right that it should be so. Nevertheless, Jem, as it's turned out, it's more like the happy wind-up of a story on paper than a bit of real life. I can't make it out how it has so happened; for I expected nothing less than that St. Giles would be hanged, and the Lord St. James sent to some foreign court as English ambassador."

From the Evening Post.

#### TO DECAY.

FIEND of the viewless air—  
Sweeping along with pestilential breath—  
I mark thy blasting influence everywhere:  
Through life—to gloomy death.

The earth, the air, the sea,  
And all that in them breathe, appear thy prey.  
The labors of man's life are claimed by thee,  
And gathered hence away.

Thy minions, dread and cold,  
With poisoned weapons dwell on every side:  
Wounding the gay, the grave, the young, the old,  
For thy dominion wide.

For thee dread famine rears  
Its arm of steel, and plunges on its foe:  
Disease with all its misery appears,  
And fortifies the blow.

Thy victims bend the knee  
Before the influence of a power so vast,  
And yield themselves the wretched slaves of thee,  
Dark monarch of the past!

The past! mysterious past!  
Around whose boundless realms the thoughts of man  
Have swept for ages back—and to the last  
Will strive thy depths to scan.

The sage, with all his years  
Of toil and labor written on his eye,  
Yields up his hopes of thee with burning tears  
Only when death is nigh.

The poet in his dreams  
Beside thy portals high has lingered long,  
Giving the world his thoughts of thee in streams  
Of deep impassioned song.

"Thy gates shall yet give way,"  
Rings from his harp-strings sweet, thro' every  
clime.

Alas! no bark from thy vast shores, Decay,  
Shall stem the tide of time.

For all that enter there  
Crumble to atoms 'neath thy breath of rust—  
Age upon age, the beautiful, the fair,  
Are naught but silent dust.

All! but the living spark  
That animates man's heart from early youth—  
That sheds its lustre on his pathway dark,  
And lights him on to truth.

That fills the patriot's soul  
With boundless love of country and of fame;  
Illuminating with its rays the goal  
Of an unspotted name.

That nerves the mind of man  
To deeds of might in wisdom's paths untrod,  
To gather where his intellect hath ran  
The mighty truths of God.

Truth, that on steady wing  
Shall rise above corruption's poisoned charm,  
And ever round her faithful followers fling  
Her heaven-protecting arm!

Spirit of Truth! I bend  
Before thine altar, humble and sincere,  
To ease my anxious heart thy influence lend,  
And dwell forever near.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Emigrant.* By SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, Bart.  
Third Edition. London: 1846.

THE author has not unhappily described his work in the first sentence of the very brief preface which he has prefixed to it. "As the common crow," he says, "is made up of a small lump of carrion, and two or three handfuls of feathers, so is this volume composed of political history, buoyed up by a few light sketches, solely written to make a dull subject fly." And no man of taste, we think, will read this book without admiring the beauty and lightness of the sketches, nor any man of judgment without being offended by the carrion of the politics.

Though the world has generally forgotten Sir Francis Head, or is reminded of him only when he writes about himself, there are vast numbers on whose fortunes his actions have exercised an influence not easily effaced; and the part which he once played in the history of our empire is sufficiently remarkable to excite some curiosity as to the character of the man, and the circumstances which placed him in a prominent position. The most minute and accurate autobiography could hardly have done more to explain Sir Francis Head's character and career, than the little work before us. In the two separate portions of his book, he presents us with the most perfect picture of his moral and intellectual being. The reader sees in a moment what manner of man he is—what he is fit, and what unfit for—why he is one of the most agreeable writers of light literature, and one of the most deplorable of the politicians of our day. And a very curious and instructive lesson may be drawn, from showing how, by the accident of an injudicious patron, and the fault of an ill-judging vanity, a man who, if kept in his proper place, might have done himself some honor, and contributed some little to the harmless amusement of this much-bored world of ours, has been so misplaced and misemployed in a function wholly unsuited to his character and rearing, that he has turned out an agent of much evil, and an object of very general and deserved ridicule.

Nature has endowed Sir Francis Head, not illiberally, with some of the qualifications for a writer of the lighter kinds of fiction. He has quickness, though certainly very little accuracy of observation, much humor, and considerable power of description. Nor is he at bottom altogether a bad, unamiable man; his sympathies are kindly, and his disposition altogether rather genial. So that on the whole, without lofty or generous feeling—any of the better qualities of the poet—any conception of great thoughts or deep emotions—any even of that philosophy in fun which has inspired the great masters of wit and humor, and with a habit of exaggeration which mars the truth of all that he writes—still he has a power of appreciating the marking features of any simple incident in everyday life, and the art of conveying to others, by a few strong touches, the impression produced on himself. More of such a task he never attempts; he never labors to complete the effect produced by the first bold dashes of his pencil; but straightway passes on to the next object that has struck his fancy, and disposes of that with the same ease. If the work which he performs be flimsy, and his style incorrect and vulgar, they possess the compensating merits of lightness, buoyancy, and variety. Without pretending to the minute completeness and accuracy of Flemish painting, he can always produce a few bold and easy outlines,

which have often the merit of clever caricature, and sometimes that of rough likeness.

But the sort of mind that we have been describing is almost necessarily deficient in the attributes of large and continuous reasoning. When our author comes to deal with the great facts of human nature—when, as in the serious part of the work before us, he pretends to discharge the functions of the historian or political philosopher—we find no trace of the knowledge, the thought, the patience, or the candor, which are requisite for the task. His presumption leads him to imagine, that to him it is given, with his childish weapons of fun and fiction, to master the world of fact. In truth, he seems never to understand the distinction between history and fiction; and to deal with the facts which he has to tell, with just the same freedom which he would exercise in coloring or disposing the images of a tale. From premises thus absolutely independent of all reality, by the aid of a logic which is certainly the loosest by which ever mortal man bewildered himself, he evolves two or three of the old common-places of ultra-toryism into a political and historical system, by which he firmly believes that he has actually succeeded in governing a small portion of the human race, and by which he tries to persuade us that the world should be governed. His agreeable style is instantly corrupted by the uncongenial subject on which it is employed. His efforts at passion, and sublimity, and reasoning, are marred by his utter inability to apply with accuracy the fine words which come in his way: he attempts to supply the feeble resources of his grandiloquence by occasional bits of slang and slipslop; and produces, on the whole, some such effect as would result from Mrs. Malaprop's enriching her own peculiar diction with a few scraps from the phraseology of Sam Weller.

Such a man as this, had he been strictly kept to the province of light literature, and had his vanity been controlled by judicious criticism, might have attained no little excellence in that agreeable and humble walk. Humorous tales were the work really set out for him by nature; and it is not too much to say that he might have achieved an amusing novel. His physical strength and spirits qualified him admirably for a traveller; and, though we could not have counted on a profound or accurate observation of men or things, we should have had vivid descriptions of passing scenes and incidents, and humorous stories of personal adventure. He should have been left to scamper over other Pampas, or blow fresh bubbles from other baths than those of Nassau. But he was sadly wronged by those who, in an evil hour, took him from such congenial operations, and placed him in positions where the practical interests of men were entrusted to his indiscretion and presumption. He owes this to the poor-law commissioners, who employed him as assistant commissioner in Kent, and before they had had time to discover the evil consequences of his proceedings, passed him on with much commendation to Lord Glenelg, who appointed him to the vacant government of Upper Canada. He went out to that province with positive instructions and some vague intentions to reform the abuses which had brought it into a state of disorder and discontent. A fruitless attempt to conciliate parties ended in his quarrelling with the popular leaders, and becoming the tool of the illiberal party, into whose arms he threw himself. At the head of that party he entered into a contest with the as-

ssembly, dissolved it, and by the aid of very favorable circumstances, and of considerable activity, ability, and, it must be added, unscrupulousness in the use of electioneering arts, obtained a majority in a new parliament. The process by which he had obtained success identified him, and with him the crown, of which he was the representative, with the dominant party; and the abuse of power by that party alienated a large portion of the colony from its previously undisturbed attachment to the mother country. To the feelings thus excited the unhappy events of Lower Canada gave a great impulse; and the rebellious designs at first entertained by a few contemptible demagogues, acquired strength from the provocations offered to a large mass of the population, were encouraged by the apathy of the governor, and finally manifested themselves in a rebellious outbreak, to which his inconceivable want of energy and prudence very nearly gave a fearful chance of momentary success. Rescued from this peril by the vigor of others, and the gallant loyalty of the colonists, he plunged the interests of the colony and the empire into the yet more formidable hazards of a needless quarrel with the neighboring republic. Fortunately an unseemly squabble with his official superiors had by this time produced his recall; and the publication of his despatches, by exposing the extraordinary absurdity of his career, indisposed every party in this country from encouraging the attempts which he unceasingly made to obstruct the plans by which the government effected the pacification of Canada. Since that time, rejected by all parties, he has failed in every attempt to obtain a fresh field for the practical trial of his perilous theories of colonial policy; and has remained in a harmless obscurity, from which he ever and anon attempts to emerge by means of publications, in which he vaunts the unappreciated merits of his official career, declaims against the equal ingratitude of successive ministries, and mourns over the happy consequences that have followed from the utter and universal disregard of his counsels.

It would have been far more agreeable to our own taste, and probably to that of our readers, had we felt justified in taking no notice of the work now before us, or been able to confine our criticism, and their attention to those lighter parts of it, which exhibit the literary merits for which we have given the author credit. But the great experiment of colonial policy which commenced with Lord Durham's report, and is now in progress of trial in our great colony of Canada, is of far too vast importance to permit us to allow any misconception of the circumstances in which it originated, or any misrepresentation of its actual results. And though the statements and opinions of Sir Francis Head are not likely to exercise any influence on the mind of any public man conversant with his character and the real truth of the matter, or likely to be entrusted with the fortunes of our colonies, the public in general are probably not sufficiently mindful of events which have long since ceased to interest them, to be equally on their guard. This book has been read by many whose knowledge of its author's career is limited to a vague impression of his having been governor of Canada during a wanton, and, as is generally imagined, a formidable rebellion, which was suppressed under his command; and of his measures having been approved by the ministry of the day, and himself rewarded with the title which he now bears. Such readers will attribute some authority to the statements of one who is apparently stamped with authentic marks of public

confidence. And when such a man gravely demands the attention of his countrymen, while he "discloses facts which not only threaten the safety of our institutions, but in which the honor of the British crown is deeply involved,"—when he goes on to develop his own story of events in which he was a principal actor, and, from sources accessible only to himself, to reveal certain strange mysteries in past transactions, it would be too much to expect that whatever may be the obvious extravagance of his theories, and looseness of his reasoning, the great mass of his readers will detect the inaccuracy of his statements, and appreciate the absolute worthlessness of his whole narrative. Some portion of a large mass of error may obtain currency; and we owe it to the right understanding of a not uninteresting portion of our history, and a very important political change, to destroy the effect of every one of Sir Francis Head's most mischievous misstatements.

We shall therefore pass rapidly over the better part of the present work, simply informing our readers that in the first hundred and fifty pages of the *Emigrant*, they will find much to amuse them. They must not attach too implicit credence to Sir Francis' theories of natural history. The difficult problem of the intense variations of the climate of North America is far from being explained by his very simple solution. He contrives somewhat to exaggerate the effects even of Canadian frost on the human face and fingers. But the reader, who may chance to find this book in his way during a leisure hour, will derive great amusement from the graphic accounts of the singular phenomena of the Canadian seasons; may spend a few minutes in contemplation of the wild scenes that present themselves on the breaking up of the ice; may read with great interest some few stories of real incidents in the life of the backwoods; and may with unceasing pleasure follow the ex-governor in his adventurous voyage over the wide waters and amid the countless islands of Lake Huron. In p. 110 will be found a humorous description of an Indian village, which, in addition to the general merits of our author's descriptive style, has what is in him the rare one of slyly inculcating a most important fact and pregnant observation.

Beyond the 153d page, all is what the author has described as "carrion." The reader may probably be tempted to go on with it; and, in order that he may do it safely, we shall now proceed to show that there is not a single material statement in it to which he should attach the slightest credit. If, in the performance of this task, we should treat the author with some severity, our justification will be found in the scurrility with which he has treated every person whom he finds it convenient to depreciate.

It is not very easy at once to see what is the exact purport and object of the political portion of the *Emigrant*; nor why Sir Francis has thought it necessary, at the close of 1846, to recall public attention to the stale story of his own exploits in 1837, and of Sir Charles Bagot's policy in 1842. The first impression is, that it is written solely for the pleasure of abusing Sir Robert Peel. No doubt, Sir Robert Peel has done much, both of a private and public nature, to exasperate the ex-governor. He repelled all his attempts at intimacy, and, when Sir Francis, on the strength of, as he confesses, a recent and "very slight" acquaintance, wrote to him with characteristic familiarity as "my dear Sir Robert," taught him to keep his distance by a cold answer in the third person. He refused most per-

emptorily, when at the head of a powerful opposition, to lend himself in any way to Sir Francis' attempts to obstruct the union of the Canadas. While he was minister, he absolutely declined either to avail himself of Sir Francis' services, or in any way to heed his advice; nor would he take any step in the way of giving Sir Francis that reward for his services, which the latter most urgently pressed on him. Publicly and emphatically he declared his adoption of the principles which Sir Francis denounced; and, by acting on a system precisely the reverse of the ex-governor's, restored perfect tranquillity to British North America, and prevented the fearful evils that must have ensued had he wanted the wisdom or energy to take the right course at the precise moment that he chose. All this has brought down on him Sir Francis' wrath; and, accordingly, the whole of the latter part of the book is worked up to the point of charging on the ex-minister every disaster which a heated fancy depicts as in store for Canada. While Lord Durham's views are excused on the score of temporary insanity, while to Lord John Russell is conceded the merit of at least a manly and an open hostility to monarchical institutions, the conservative leader is represented as having for years persevered in the treacherous policy of preparing the way for the loss of Canada, by weakening the institutions which connect it with the mother country, by discouraging the loyal, and by entrusting power to rebels. The advice by which he has abused the "unsuspecting confidence" of her majesty, is such, that "the hand of her subject trembles to record it." And in depreciation of the fearful chance of his ever returning to power, this strange farrago of nonsense is closed with the mock sublimity of the following prayer:—*"From the statesman, whoever he may be, that for any earthly object he may desire to attain, will not hesitate to sully the honor of the British crown—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"*

The only other practical object which is announced in the book, is that of procuring a repeal of the union of the Canadas, and a final abolition of responsible government. We doubt whether even Sir Francis Head's imagination can seriously contemplate these results as possible. Nor do we believe that these three hundred pages would have been written solely for the purpose of blackening Sir Robert Peel. We rather think that advantage is taken of Sir Robert's present disgrace with his party, in order to recall public attention to the forgotten merits of one who, at least in our author's fancy, was the most distinguished victim of his treachery. Sir Francis is not without some dexterity in seizing a favorable opportunity of turning other men's violence and follies to his own account. It happens that at the present moment the predominant feeling in the breasts of a large party is resentment against Sir Robert Peel, on account of the part he has recently taken in English politics; and Sir Francis thinks that if he can now come forward and give the assailants of the late premier a fresh stick to beat him, by furnishing them with a fresh instance of his disregard of party ties, his tale will be greedily swallowed, and he himself become the hero of a party which sadly wants one. If this be his speculation, we think he has dealt rather clumsily with the leader of the "great country party," who will not be apt to forget that he himself was the colonial secretary, under whose instructions and approval the measures denounced by Sir Francis Head were carried into effect; and whose vanity will not be peculiarly gratified by Sir Francis ex-

cusing him from all responsibility, by (as we imagine, quite truly) treating him as having in all these matters merely acted under Sir Robert Peel's directions.

With this end in view, Sir Francis does not omit to direct our attention to what he regards as the great deeds of his colonial administration. The first part of this heroic poem tells the defence of Toronto against Mackenzie: an episode is the driving Mr. Bidwell out of the province. The second part contains the war of Navy Island, and the destruction of the "Caroline." The third is the Odyssey of Head—his return home through countless perils in the United States. In the fourth he describes his vain endeavors to prevent the union of the Canadas. In the fifth part we may comprise what he calls the "explosion," and the "moral," which consist of his arguments against the union, his practical suggestions as to its repeal, and his denunciation of the late prime minister. The reader must not be alarmed at our now proposing to follow Sir Francis through these points. With the arguments we do not propose to grapple: they are beyond the grasp of any logic. It is to the statements of fact that we shall confine ourselves. And we intend simply to give an outline, first, of Sir Francis Head's account of each matter, and, secondly, of the facts as they really happened.

The point on which Sir Francis' whole career in Canada turned, was his taking three reformers into his council, and then quarrelling with them and their party on the question of responsible government. Mr. Baldwin and his friends were men, as their subsequent conduct has shown, of very little practical sense and temper; and there is no denying that even when mainly in the right, they contrived on this, as on other occasions, to put themselves somewhat in the wrong. Nevertheless, on the great principle for which they contended they were completely in the right, and Sir Francis as completely in the wrong. We need not now discuss the question of responsible government. Every man who has reflected on the subject sees, that the responsibility of the executive is a necessary part of representative government;—that if we trust the representatives of the people with the power of making laws, and the absolute control of the public purse, it is absurd to expect that the laws made by them can be administered, and the executive business of the country carried on, by any persons except those who possess their confidence. This is a point which Lord Durham's report settled at once and forever; and the only point connected with the subject which at all perplexes any one is, how it should have been necessary to send so eminent a man across the Atlantic, to discover that the colonies could not be well governed under any other system.

Unfortunately when Sir Francis Head's quarrel with the assembly occasioned an appeal to the people of Upper Canada, he was enabled, by the indiscretion of his opponents, to put the contest on a very different ground from that of responsible government; and when he points to the result as indicative of the public feeling, he must be reminded that he himself contrived to represent the question at issue as that of "connexion with the mother country," or "separation." To the question thus artfully put, the answer of the great majority of the people of Canada, especially of the British settlers who had only just left the mother country, was decisive. In truth, the dissatisfaction which had long been growing against the assembly, rendered

the issue very little doubtful. Sir Francis Head's arrival in the province in January, 1836, arrested Sir John Colborne's hand whilst in the act of issuing the proclamation for a dissolution of the provincial parliament; and there is very little doubt, that without the new governor's exertions, the general election that followed in the summer would have exhibited nearly the same result as had been witnessed in the four preceding general elections—that of converting the majority of each parliament into a minority in that which immediately succeeded it. Still, Sir Francis must not be denied the merit of most able electioneering. In fact, he was now in his element. He rode all over the province, harangued the farmers, waved the British flag, appealed to those whom he could not visit by brief, pithy answers to addresses, and raised up a perfect fervor of devotion to British connexion and its champion. Unfortunately he never recovered this excitement. The part he now played, exactly suited the play-actor turn of his character. He imagined himself the representative of the monarchical principle on the American continent; and passed the remainder of his career in perpetual conflict with the giants of democracy and republicanism.

The election of a tory parliament established the official party known as the "family compact" in firm possession of power. Their abuse of that power produced general dissatisfaction; and in 1837, when the disorders of Lower Canada were beginning to assume the aspect of rebellion, the more violent of the agitators of the sister province imagined that they should find some support in a simultaneous attempt to sever the connexion with the British empire. We have always been of opinion, that there was not any real chance of success for such an attempt; and that there never was a wiser resolve than that which was adopted of leaving Upper Canada to protect itself, and removing the regular force in it to defend the lower province. We have always ascribed the merit of this step to Sir Francis Head, and regarded it as the one act of his government which showed decision, wisdom, and a just estimate of his position. He has claimed credit for having, in reply to Sir John Colborne's inquiries, declared that he did not want a single soldier in the province; and that such trust did he repose in the general loyalty of the colonists, that he was ready to spare a large portion even of their militia for the service of Lower Canada. That he himself "sent away the troops," was his perpetual boast. And a just matter of pride it was; because experience amply proved that the colonists of Upper Canada were fully equal to guarding their country against any enemy that assailed it, from within or without. But now all this turns out to have been mere empty, groundless boasting. Some tory friends, whose good opinion Sir Francis seems to value more than his own character, have never been able to appreciate a course so opposed to their own notions of the right method of dealing with the people; and the desire of averting their criticisms has extracted from Sir Francis this confession, in p. 159 of the present work—"Many people have blamed, and I believe still blame me, for having, as they say"—it was Sir Francis who first said it—"sent the troops out of the province. *I, however, did no such thing.* Sir John Colborne, the commander of the forces in Canada, felt that he required the whole of them to defend the lower province; and deeming the moral power which he saw I possessed sufficient, he offered me a couple of com-

panies only, and then, *without consulting me*, recalled the whole of the remainder of the troops." So that it was not Sir Francis Head, but his predecessor in the government of the province, that formed this just estimate of the feelings of its inhabitants, and took upon himself the responsibility of this wise and bold resolution. Sir Francis' only merit is, that he had sense enough to see that the two companies left him could not guard the province; and that, if the defence of it were in reality to be left to the colonists, they might as well feel the entire responsibility, and enjoy the entire credit. But he has reduced his own claim to our praise simply to that of having sent his useless handful of regulars after the main body.

But whether this diminution of the force at his command was or was not the act of Sir Francis Head, the strength which he possessed in the loyalty of a gallant population was amply sufficient to have guarded against every risk. Had he used his means properly, no outbreak would have occurred; and that he did not do so, is proved by the fact that Mackenzie, at the head of two or three hundred hastily collected country people, ventured to attack the capital of the province, and was very near obtaining a considerable degree of success.

When Sir F. Head, in his despatch written a few days after the discomfiture of Mackenzie, had to give his first account of the outbreak, the force of recent facts exercised such a constraint even on his imagination, that he was compelled to confess that he had been "completely surprised." It would, indeed, have been difficult for him, on the 19th of December, to refuse such an admission to the minister, to whom he had written on the third of the preceding month the following positive assurances that no outbreak was to be apprehended:—"I know well that there exists no body of men in this province, who would dare to attack government property under the protection of the civil authorities of Toronto." And a little further on—"I have not the slightest apprehension that any disturbance of importance will be made in this loyal province during the approaching winter." But as time has rolled on, and as Sir Francis has been removed from the spot in which he was confronted with a population who had been eye-witnesses of those occurrences, he has forgotten the weakness of being surprised, and claims the merit of having foreseen the crisis which came on him. Indeed, in the "Narrative" which he published in 1839, he went so far as to declare that he had all along not only foreseen but desired the insurrection, and had "waited with folded arms" in order to tempt an outbreak. Sir Francis has found that this is a profession of political immorality rather too revolting for the present day. Had nothing been at stake but Mackenzie's single worthless head, the governor might fairly have hazarded his own against it. But, considering that every step that Mackenzie was allowed to take, involved a large number of unreflecting and violent, but by no means worthless, men in the guilt and penalties of treason—that even the slightest outbreak could not be quelled without the loss of some life and property on the part of the loyal—and that, after all, the most signal suppression of insurrection is a very poor compensation for the terrible mischief of even a momentary interruption of the traditional obedience to law, Sir Francis found he had vindicated himself against the weakness of having been surprised, by assuming enormous guilt and extraordinary folly. With that readiness with which he deems himself justified in

altering the equally imaginary incidents of all his narratives, he now leaves these pretensions, and declares that, though fully aware of all Mackenzie's plots, he could not arrest him in his career until he had committed some act of treason: and that, when Mackenzie went thus far, he instantly escaped from Toronto, and commenced his rebellion. Forgetting the testimony of his own despatch, Sir Francis now states that he himself had all along made his preparations for the rebellion, which he "was quite aware would sooner or later take place in the upper province;" that with this view he had strengthened the fort near the town; and that he had made all his arrangements for making his chief stand in the city hall, which to his military eye appeared the best stronghold for this purpose.

If this were all correct, it would be a pitiable exposure of a very foolish scheme. What was the use of waiting till such a contemptible person as Mackenzie committed himself by some overt act of treason, when any one of the seditious libels which he published in any number of his paper, would have justified the arresting him, and checking his plots in their very infancy? Why all these arrangements of defence against assailants, who never should have been allowed to come in an offensive attitude within several miles of Sir Francis Head's infinitely superior force? But there is no foundation for any part of this new version of his story. He was, as he originally confessed, completely surprised; and he was surprised by an occurrence, for which every man in Toronto, except himself and his counsellors, was perfectly prepared. Up to the moment that he was startled from his sleep by the vision of one who had actually been attacked by Mackenzie close to the town, he and his advisers lived in a fool's paradise, from which no warning could draw them. He would believe in no danger, deceived his superior in England with reports that there could be no disturbance, made no arrangements, and offered every obstruction to the few determined and prudent men who took the precautions which the government should have taken. The fort which he pretends to have strengthened, he left in charge of eight men to defend its walls and a powder magazine inside of it—his stronghold, the city hall, he left with 4000 stand of arms in charge of two constables. In short, whatever the most utter want of forethought could do to invite and facilitate the outbreak, Sir Francis Head did; and when the outbreak took place, his want of energy and prudence contributed yet further to its originally slender chance of success.

In Canada no one would require us to give any details or authority in support of what is there the received version of the affair; but, for the information of readers at home, it may be as well that we should give a succinct narrative of the circumstances that attended Mackenzie's attack on Toronto. Our knowledge of such facts as are not taken from the official accounts, has been derived from written statements given to us by Colonel Fitzgibbon, an old officer of the army, who, during the period of which we speak, held the office of clerk of the parliament, and who acted as adjutant-general of the militia, and, in fact, commanded the force that defended Toronto during the outbreak. In Canada there is no difference of opinion as to the merits and services of Colonel Fitzgibbon; and the belief, that mainly to his energy and courage the safety of the city is to be ascribed, has been attested by the general testimony of the press, the resolutions of public meetings, and the votes of the provincial parliament.

And though, of course, he will be suspected of a tendency to exaggerate his own claims, and to resent the ungenerous feeling which prompted Sir Francis Head on every occasion to keep his name out of sight, the character of Colonel Fitzgibbon is such, that no one of his countrymen will refuse entire credit to his statement of the occurrences in which he bore so prominent a part.

Mackenzie's attack on Toronto occurred on the 4th of December, 1837. As early, however, as October, his preparations had become so menacing, that the troops being removed from the province, some anxiety began to be felt as to the efficiency of the means by which order was to be maintained. The governor was pressed to take some precautions, not, as he would have it believed, of a nature to betray apprehension and harass the loyal population, but simply such as should not have been neglected even in the ordinary conduct of business. The militia regiments throughout the province were in a state of great disorganization; that of Toronto itself had as many as twenty vacancies among the officers. Colonel Fitzgibbon, who had the command of the regiment, proposed to the governor to fill up these vacancies; but the answer of the latter was, that there was no occasion to do anything till the following summer.

The symptoms of danger continued to become more and more alarming; and the people of Toronto, finding that nothing could arouse the government from its apathy, began, under Colonel Fitzgibbon's directions, to take measures for defending themselves. A corps of volunteer riflemen, that had been formed in Sir John Colborne's time, offered to guard the stand of arms for 4000 men, which was lying perfectly unprotected in the city hall. Their offer was publicly declined. Little more than a week before the outbreak, some volunteers who had actually mounted guard for a few evenings, were dismissed; and the care of the city hall, and the arms in it, was entrusted to a couple of constables. On doing this, Sir Francis said that he had a great mind to have the arms brought to his own house, and left in charge of his servants.

About ten days before the outbreak, Colonel Fitzgibbon, finding the government (for it is but fair to the governor to state, that all his official advisers were as infatuated as himself) deaf to all his remonstrances, after a fruitless attempt to induce them to put the fort in a state of security, declared that he would not sit still to have his throat cut, and proceeded to arrange a plan for enrolling a certain number of householders, who were to be prepared with arms, and on the ringing of the bells to repair to the city hall and parliament house. Having waited on the governor, and got his sanction to his scheme, after informing him that, with or without that sanction, he was determined to carry it into effect, he organized the volunteer corps, by which the city was saved. In all this he received no aid or directions from the governor, and much discouragement from the principal members of the council. Indeed, so little apparent sanction did this step receive from the government, that Gibson, one of the principal of Mackenzie's adherents, made it a pretext for arming his followers, saying, that as the Tories were arming without authority, the reformers were obliged to do the same.

About a week had passed in these preparations, evidences of an intended outbreak multiplying on every side, when, on Saturday, the 2d of December, Colonel Fitzgibbon received such information from an actual eye-witness as left no doubt of a

design of immediate hostilities on the part of the rebels. On going to government house to communicate this intelligence, he found the governor surrounded by his principal advisers, and remained more than five hours with them, getting little else than ridicule and disbelief for his pains to induce them to take steps to meet the coming danger.

Some orders were, however, given with respect to militia, which had an important result. Mackenzie had in the mean time been concerting a regular plan of rebellion, and the 7th of December had been fixed upon for a general rising, the plan of which was, that the rebels from all parts should assemble and march on Toronto. From Mackenzie's published statements, it appears that the orders given to the militia misled him into the supposition that the governor was on his guard, and he determined to precipitate the attack before the completion of any plan of defence. Accordingly, on Sunday, the 3d, he collected a body of armed men at Montgomery's tavern, about four miles from Toronto, under himself, Lount, Gibson, and Anderson. This force was constantly fluctuating, some going away as others came in; and it does not appear that the entire amount of this collection of undisciplined country people ever, at any one time, amounted to as many as two hundred men.

The proximity of the force was not, however, known in Toronto on the morning of Monday, the 4th, when Sir Francis at last appointed Colonel Fitzgibbon adjutant-general of militia. Indeed, the first rumor of it seems only to have reached Toronto on the evening of that day. Colonel Fitzgibbon thereon assembled about twenty gentlemen in the city hall; and having considered the measures necessary to be taken, repaired about ten o'clock to government house, to acquaint the governor with the state of affairs. Sir Francis had gone to bed, saw Colonel Fitzgibbon in his nightgown, left the defence of the town to him, and went to bed again. Colonel Fitzgibbon then rode about the town, set the alarm bells ringing, and collected the volunteers in the city hall. Mr. Powell, the mayor, with a friend, who (such was the general ignorance of the real danger) did not even take his arms with him, rode out towards Montgomery's to ascertain whether the report of its being occupied by a rebel force were true or not. At the distance of about a couple of miles, they came suddenly on the main body of the rebels, marching under cover of the darkness, on the city, and were ordered to surrender. Mr. Powell, being armed, shot the man who stopped him dead on the spot; galloped back to the town, and went straight to government house, where he forced his way into the governor's bedroom and told his tale. It is said, that even then, Sir Francis was incredulous, and inclined to resent the intrusion on his slumbers. Colonel Fitzgibbon, however, came soon after and persuaded Sir Francis to follow him to the city hall, taking the precaution to conduct him through back streets, to avoid any risk of being intercepted by the rebels, who had had time to reach the heart of the city. And so, for aught Sir Francis had done, they might have been, have surprised him in his bed, and without the slightest organized resistance, captured the capital of the province, its fort, its city hall with arms for 4000 men, and its banks with all the specie in them. There is no estimating the extent of mischief which would have followed from the signal success which the incalculable folly of the government would have given to the rebels; and though we do not believe that even such a triumph

would have enabled Mackenzie ultimately to realize his insane project in defiance of the general loyalty of the province, it would, in all probability, have swelled his force by no inconsiderable number of those who, when they found how things were going, arrayed themselves on the side of the government.

The precautions of Colonel Fitzgibbon had, however, provided the city with an ample security against any such result, and, combined with a most fortunate accident, prevented even momentary mischief. The man whom Mr. Powell had shot, turned out to be no less a person than Anderson, to whose skill and courage the rebels had trusted the direction of their military operations. The death of their leader disheartened them; and when they heard the bells ringing, they concluded that the city was well prepared to resist them, and accordingly, abandoned their attack till the next day.

During the two following days the governor remained in the city hall in entire inaction. He now accounts for this by telling us, that it was the result of one of those marvellously profound combinations which he always discovers as excuses for not having followed the simple path of commonsense and firmness. His object was to test the loyalty of the province by the reinforcements which it should send to his aid; and he accordingly "awaited tranquilly" the solution of this "problem, of serious importance to the civilized world." He comes a little nearer to the fact when he gives us to understand, that he shrunk from risking the issue until he had an overwhelming force to back him. We do not mean to accuse him of any want of personal courage; but the truth is, that when the rebellion was no longer matter of doubt, he showed as little energy and conduct in using the means placed at his disposal, as he had previously shown of foresight. Those means, and the determination of those who surrounded him, were fortunately such that he could not absolutely compromise the interests entrusted to him; and he could only contrive to make himself ridiculous for a couple of days, by allowing a body of undisciplined rebels to keep the governor and double their own number of men barricaded in the city hall.

For on the Tuesday morning, Colonel Fitzgibbon, finding himself at the head of five hundred stout, somewhat disciplined, and all well-armed men, and having reconnoitred the rebels, proposed to take three hundred of his men and drive Mackenzie away. Sir Francis refused to allow this, saying that "he would not fight the rebels on their ground, but they must come and fight him on his." The day was spent in barricading the fort, city hall, government house, and banks. Sir Francis now took a step which subjected him, and we think justly, to the loudest censure from the citizens of Toronto. He sent his own family on board a steamer in the lake. Now, though no one will be very hard on him for showing such affection for his family, it must be recollected that the other families in Toronto had no such means of refuge; and that such an admission of his apprehensions might have produced the most disastrous effects on the minds of those who saw all that were most dear to them exposed to a danger which their leader regarded as so formidable.

About nine in the evening, Colonel Fitzgibbon was seen by the governor parading a picket that he intended to send out to guard the entrance of the town. Sir Francis peremptorily forbade this, declaring "that they had no men to spare—that they

had not men enough to defend the city—but must defend their posts;” and ordered that no man should leave the city hall. Colonel Fitzgibbon formed the picket out of sight of the governor, and sent it out under the command of the sheriff. Soon after a report came that this picket had been cut off by the rebels; and thereupon Sir Francis angrily reprimanded the colonel. In a little while more correct intelligence arrived. In fact, this picket repelled the second attack of the rebels, and drove them back with some loss. This repulse in reality checked the outbreak; and thus a second time was Toronto saved, in spite of Sir Francis Head. Nevertheless, in his despatch of the 19th December, he took credit for having sent out this picket.

On Wednesday the rebels, disheartened by Mackenzie's pusillanimity, began to disperse. But Sir Francis did not even yet venture to attack them. In the middle of the day he opened negotiations with Mackenzie; and so accurate was his knowledge of the movement on which his eye had been all along fixed so keenly, that one of the two persons to whom he entrusted the negotiation was Dr. John Rolph, one of the chief instigators of the whole outbreak! Fortunately Mackenzie's demands were too unreasonable to be admitted; and he had not the courage to follow Dr. Rolph's advice, that he should at once attack the city. While his strength was diminishing, reinforcements continued pouring in to the aid of the governor. Volunteers kept coming in during that evening and night; and on Thursday morning Sir Francis found himself at the head of a force so “overwhelming,” as even to embolden him to risk the chances of an encounter. No encounter can well be said to have taken place; for the force under Colonel Fitzgibbon's command occupied Montgomery's tavern, and dispersed the rebels almost without firing a shot.

Of the history which we have now given we have every reason to believe in the entire accuracy. We cannot imagine that any one, after reading it, will conclude that there is much to praise, or not conclude that there is very much to blame, in Sir Francis Head's dealing with the insurrection. He talks much of his loyalty; but he can hardly expect that we can spare much of our admiration to a governor for the simple virtue of not betraying his trust, and for resisting instead of actually joining rebels. Had he showed prudence in allaying discontent, and diminishing the disposition to rebellion in detecting the plots of the disaffected—foresight in making preparations against an outbreak—and skill and promptitude in suppressing it when it occurred, he might claim our respect for these useful and admirable qualities; but Sir Francis Head was found eminently wanting in all these respects. He provoked disaffection by his abuse of power, and incited it to manifest itself in rebellion, by an apathy which seemed to promise it success. The utter imbecility of his actual defence of Toronto is as signal as the blindness which influenced him to neglect all previous precautions for defending it at all. Others have the entire merit of saving the city; we have to thank him for nothing but that the rebels were emboldened to attack it at all, and that they were not routed and dispersed as soon as day dawned after their first demonstration.

We must now notice one or two minor incidents, as illustrative of Sir Francis Head's policy in the hour of victory, and of the accuracy of his various statements of the same transaction. The anxieties of the surprise and conflict being happily over, he had now to play the part of a conqueror, dispensing

pardon and punishment. He called up the two first prisoners that his men took, and, with a grand exordium, pardoned them in the queen's name. “It was, however, necessary,” he goes on to say, “that we should mark and record, by some act of stern vengeance, the important victory that had been achieved; and I therefore determined that, in the presence of the assembled militia, I would burn to the ground Montgomery's tavern, and also the house of Mr. Gibson, a member of the provincial assembly, who had commanded Mr. Mackenzie's advanced guard, and who, with him, had just absconded to the United States.”

We have no doubt that this is a true account of the motives which impelled Sir Francis to this extraordinary act. It was just such a stage-trick as would suit his melodramatic taste; and it is true in its details except in one important particular. Mr. Gibson's house was not burnt “in the presence of the assembled militia;” for it was three miles distant from the scene of action, and from the furthest spot reached by the great body of the militia; and was destroyed by a small body under Fitzgibbon, whom Sir Francis, in spite of his remonstrances, sent on for the express purpose. But this was not the account he gave of the transaction in his despatch to Lord Glenelg. His own reflection, or more probably the advice of some cooler head, may have suggested to him the possibility, that this act of deliberately burning a private house, at a distance from the scene of action, might not be regarded by his superiors, or the public in England, as having been exactly the “necessary” record of an important victory, which it had appeared to himself; and that they might probably be inclined to censure a governor for setting the rebels, at the commencement of possibly lengthened disturbances, an example of lawless vengeance, which any two or three desperate fugitives might imitate at the expense of any isolated dwelling of any of the loyal population. So the account which he gave of it was, “that the militia advanced in pursuit of the rebels about four miles, till they reached the house of one of the principal ringleaders, Mr. Gibson, whose residence it would have been impossible to have saved, and it was consequently burned to the ground.” When this despatch got back to Canada, the indignation of the militia was loudly expressed against this attempt to charge their undisciplined violence with the scandal of Sir F. Head's deliberate outrage on law and justice; and Colonel Fitzgibbon wrote Lord Glenelg a letter, detailing the whole circumstances of the case. Sir Francis does not now persevere in his first statement, but favors us with a more correct account of the matter.

Another more flagrant abuse of power, which occurred at this time, is commented on in the volume before us; and the account which we there find furnishes a not less remarkable instance of the looseness of the author's mode of dealing with history. Mr. Bidwell, the speaker of the preceding house of assembly, had led the opposition to Sir F. Head, and had by his ability and pertinacity made himself particularly obnoxious. At the general election he lost his seat; and, retiring from all active part in politics, devoted himself to his professional duties as a lawyer. So high was his character that Lord Glenelg, who was constantly impressing on Sir Francis Head the policy of conciliating instead of proscribing the reformers of Upper Canada, had at length written him positive instructions to promote Mr. Bidwell to the bench on the first vacancy; and Sir Francis' refusal to

obey this order was one of the causes of that quarrel with the colonial office which was at its height in December, 1837, and which soon after ended in his recall. Mr. Bidwell was, therefore, at this moment an especial object of Sir Francis Head's resentment. The circumstance that the words "Bidwell and the glorious minority" had been found worked on one of the flags taken from Mackenzie, appeared to afford a pretext for implicating him with the rebels. Some letters addressed to him had been stopped at the Toronto post-office. Even Sir F. Head's mind could not regard the unauthorized inscription of a man's name on a flag which he had never seen, and the contents, whatever they might be, of letters written to him as sufficient to warrant a charge of high treason. But he thought that, by a certain use of these materials, he might frighten a man of notoriously feeble organization and timid character. Accordingly, in the first moment of his victory, when the passions of the tory party were excited to the utmost—when, as he himself tells us, Mr. Bidwell "had reason to fear that any militiaman he met might become his executioner"—he held up to him the bundle of intercepted letters to his address, told him that if he opened them his life would probably be at his mercy, and offered to restore them unopened if he would give a written promise to leave the queen's territory forever. In the terror and surprise of the moment Mr. Bidwell was induced to sign such a document; and the promise thus extracted he has faithfully kept to this day, in a self-imposed exile. What were the contents of the letters which were returned to him, no one knows; but Mr. Bidwell, had he possessed ordinary presence of mind, was too good a lawyer to have apprehended any real danger to himself from letters written by other persons. Yet before we blame too severely the want of moral courage that induced submission to this gross intimidation, or infer any possibility of guilt as an explanation of his fears, the real dangers of the position in which he was placed must be borne in mind. Not only might a timid man have some reason for dreading that he might be shot down by some excited militiaman, but he might be justified in not considering innocence itself as a safeguard against the terrors of the law. The legislature, the bench, the sheriff, and the juries, were all equally on the side of a most violent and unscrupulous party in uncontrolled possession of power, and in a state of furious excitement; and at such a moment we can well excuse a man of weak nerve, who knew himself to be the object of the especial resentment of the governor and dominant party, for shrinking from perilling his life in the unequal contest, and accepting any terms from an enemy whom he might fairly regard as able to sacrifice him to his anger.

That Sir Francis Head should still venture to boast of this most outrageous violation of all law and justice, is surprising. If Mr. Bidwell was guilty of treason, and was really the secret instigator of the outbreak of ignorant men, he was a far worse criminal than Mackenzie and his companions: an ignominious death would have been his merited portion; and the pardon of such a man was a wrong to the community. If he was innocent, the taking advantage of his fears to drive him from his country was an act of the grossest illegality and tyranny. But we think we see, in the present work, one clear indication of some misgiving in Sir Francis' mind as to the light in which this feat may be regarded. This is his great anxiety to represent Mr. Bidwell as coming to seek him. The beginning of the

matter he describes as the being informed by a servant, "that Mr. Bidwell was in his waiting-room, and that he appeared extremely desirous to see me." He then represents Mr. Bidwell as having been alarmed at finding his letters stopped at the post-office.

"In this agony of mind his acquaintance with the magnanimity of British institutions, his knowledge of British law, British justice, and British mercy, admonished him to seek protection from the sovereign authority he had betrayed—from the executive power he had endeavored to depose; and accordingly with faltering steps he walked towards government house; and entering the waiting-room, he there took refuge under the very BRITISH FLAG which it had been the object of the whole of his political life to desecrate."

Sir Francis then describes Mr. Bidwell as frightened to death at the sight of the bundle of letters, addressed to himself, which Sir Francis held in his hand; and goes on to say, "*As I had not sent for him, I of course waited to hear what he desired to say,*" &c. The object of all this is to make the world believe that Mr. Bidwell, in his consciousness of guilt, sought the governor, and threw himself on his mercy. That Sir Francis must have completely forgotten the real facts, is clear from the following extract from the *Commercial Advertiser*, a most respectable paper published in New York, where Mr. Bidwell now resides.—"We have always had the assurance from Mr. Bidwell, that when he entered the presence of Sir Francis he did not know that his letters had been intercepted, and that his first intimation of the fact was obtained by seeing the package on the table before the governor. And we have corroboration of this fact in the truth that Mr. Bidwell did not seek Sir Francis, but was urgently sent for by him, as is shown by the following note from the governor's secretary, the original of which is lying before us as we write:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Friday Morning.

"SIR,—His excellency the lieutenant-governor desires me to say that he wishes you to call at government house immediately. I have the honor to be, &c. &c.  
J. JOSEPH.

"Marshal S. Bidwell, Esq."

"Immediate" endorsed on the envelope, so pressing was the governor's haste to see the gentleman whom he represents as coming abjectly to him in penitence and for protection."

We now come to the second great event of Sir Francis' warlike career in Canada, the affair of Navy Island; and on this point the work before us adheres to the version which Sir Francis has all along given. It has, in some cases, been most unfortunate for a right understanding of colonial events, that so many of our first impressions respecting them are derived from the official accounts, transmitted to our government. Sir Francis Head has consequently had the advantage of having been our chief historiographer of the events for which he is in a great measure responsible. It was from his despatches that we derived those formidable accounts of the war of Navy Island, that we well recollect to have produced excitement and alarm throughout this country. The tale ran, that scarcely had the vigor of Head, and the loyalty of the Canadian people, suppressed the formidable civil war with which Mackenzie threatened Toronto, than a series of attacks, along the frontier of the United States, proclaimed to the world the fact that the designs of the rebels had been encouraged by

that ambitious republic. The most formidable of these inroads, was that which Mackenzie ventured to make, at the head of a band of exiles and "sympathizers," on her majesty's possession of Navy Island, in the river of Niagara. The lawless disposition of the people of the state of New York, prompted by the insidious connivance of its government, had enabled the outlaw to collect a numerous force, which was supplied with arms and artillery from the arsenals of the state. At the head of this body, which, in one of his earlier accounts, Sir Francis reckons at seven hundred men, Mackenzie crossed the narrow arm of the river that intervenes between the American shore and Navy Island; and, having planted the standard of rebellion on that strong position, for three weeks, by the aid of a battery of no less than twenty-six cannon, poured out death and destruction on our villages, and defied and disturbed our loyal fellow-subjects in Canada. The efforts of the gallant forces, at the head of which our governor lay before the rebel intrenchments, were thwarted by the unprincipled opposition of the American people and authorities; who, hardly preserving the mask of neutrality, continued to pour men and supplies into the rebel lines. At length, an act of singular daring on the part of our governor brought the Americans to their senses, and put an end to this dangerous state of things. Justified by necessity in a temporary violation of the territory of our neighbor, he ordered the gallant expedition which in the dead of night cut the Caroline out of the lonely dock in which it lay, overpowered the resistance of its single sentry, and sent it drifting over the cataract below. The fearful spectacle of the flaming vessel plunging into that terrible abyss, is represented as having produced a salutary awe throughout the lawless frontier of New York, repressed "sympathy," awed insurrection, and occasioned the evacuation of the rebel stronghold. Such is the tale which Sir Francis and his coadjutors told to the credulous public of this country, and by which they stimulated our indignation against the people of the United States, and our gratitude to the bold and wise men who dared to assert the honor and protect the territory of her majesty. Such is the tale which he repeats in the *Emigrant*, pointing it, in conformity with the plan of his work, with a long jeremiad about the degradation inflicted on the British name by Lord Ashburton's admitting that an apology should have been made for the violation of the American territory, and with a solemn denunciation of the conservative premier who sanctioned this consummation of his country's shame.

A stranger fable never excited national antipathies, or excused the blunders of an inefficient functionary. It cannot be denied that, among the inhabitants of the American frontier, some sympathy was felt for the cause of the insurgents, whose efforts appeared to be directed to the same object as had been attained by the people of the United States in their war of independence. In the scattered villages of the frontier, meetings were undoubtedly held, at which a few noisy orators purported, after the fashion of such meetings, to speak the sentiments of a community. Two or three cannon were stolen out of the frail buildings in which the arms of the militia of that wild, and thinly-peopled country are deposited; and a few of the outcasts of an adventurous population were induced to join a handful of exiles in an enterprise which offered them hopes of activity and plunder. But there never was danger, save that which was created by the weakness of our own governor; never mischief, except that which

his unaccountable absurdity tolerated. And the only event that ever gave the invaders a chance of success, and ever menaced us with a real peril, was that notable expedient of attacking the Caroline, to which our safety is attributed by its unwise author.

The American, Sutherland, who was one of the leaders of the expedition to Navy Island, when subsequently a prisoner at Quebec, gave the writer of this article the following account of the affair at Navy Island, of which, as misrepresentation could not in any way serve him, there is no reason to doubt the correctness. In all its main points it was exactly corroborated by a statement which an informant of ours received from Van Rensselaer, who was styled the general of the invading force. According to this account, the force that originally crossed over to Navy Island consisted of Mackenzie, Van Rensselaer, Sutherland, and about twenty-three other persons. During the ensuing fortnight they were joined by from ten to twenty men a day; and until the affair of the Caroline their whole numbers never amounted to more than between two and three hundred.

Official and other public sources of information enable us to estimate the force which Sir Francis Head brought against them. Within less than a week from the occupation of Navy Island, he had under his orders, on the opposite bank of the river, a force which has never been estimated at less than four thousand militia and volunteers, and which, according to the more general notion, amounted to double that number. The militia and volunteers of Upper Canada had by that time served a considerable apprenticeship in arms: they consisted of the very flower of a hardy and energetic population: the life of the backwoods had given them a skill in the use of the rifle equal to that of the marksmen of Kentucky: they had the daring spirit of their race, roused for the defence of their homes and properties, and encouraged by the consciousness of right as well as power: and it must not be forgotten, that from the peculiar character of the emigration that had been filling Canada, their ranks contained a large number of half-pay officers and old soldiers. It is hardly too much to say, that for the service required of them, this force was little inferior to any regular army. For them to have effected a landing in Navy Island, mastered the barricades that had been thrown up, and swept away the intruders, would have been a matter of the most perfect ease and certainty. Sir Francis knew his own strength; and no excuse can be offered for any ignorance as to the opposing force, when, considering that Navy Island was visited all day by pleasure parties from Buffalo, who came down by the railroad to see a bit of "real war," he could for a few dollars have got the enemy counted and inspected as accurately as he could wish. And yet, with this overwhelming superiority of force, he remained, to use his favorite phrase, "with folded arms," looking on while this handful of vagabonds occupied the British territory, fired on our villages, and picked off our men by chance shots. He kept on invoking the interference of the American government against insurgents whom he chose to leave unmolested, on a spot where he alone was justified in assailing them. He created the imaginary "necessity" for attacking the Caroline, by tolerating the existence of the nuisance which that vessel aided. In fact, by converting into a campaign of three weeks what should have been an affair of three quarters of an hour, he prolonged the perilous excitement and disorder of Canada, and created all that serious

hostility on the other side of the frontier, which was, in truth, the only real peril to which British North America was exposed.

The destruction of the Caroline, in fact, gave the intruders of Navy Island the only chance of success that ever visited them. Instead of terrifying the people of the American border, it exasperated them to the utmost pitch, and rendered their "sympathy" something of a dangerous reality. Sutherland stated, that within the week that followed that event, the force in Navy Island swelled from between two and three hundred to twelve hundred men. Very fortunately this accession of strength came too late; for all hopes of any coöperation in Canada having been proved to be groundless, the invaders had begun to quarrel among themselves, and having already determined to abandon their enterprise, could not avail themselves of the chance which the affair of the Caroline threw in their way.

Our readers will, perhaps, be somewhat unwilling to give us entire credit for our account of this business, because it imputes to Sir Francis Head, and his advisers, an amount of mismanagement which, we admit, is almost incredible. Much of it may be explained by the utter want of conduct and energy which Sir Francis always exhibited in his military operations. But, probably, the main clue to his course is to be found in his insatiable vanity. To fill a large space in the world's eye, was the one end and aim of his Canadian being. A summary suppression of some three or four score of insurgents would have received no notice, beyond the approving despatch that would have acknowledged his account of the beginning and ending of the danger. But an invading force, of undefined magnitude, fixing its quarters in a portion of her majesty's dominions, and beleagured by an army of militia, together with the insolent practices by which a perfidious and ambitious neighbor menaced the integrity of the British empire, were objects sure of arresting the eager gaze of the world. By exaggerating the danger, and prolonging its existence, Sir Francis lengthened the notoriety which appeared to him to be fame.

But, after all, the principal cause of the voluntary prolongation of this invasion must be sought in the influences which acted on those who made an instrument of the governor. For, in truth, he was always in the hands of others;—and now, having quarrelled with Colonel Fitzgibbon and every independent person who had once acted under him, having disgusted the old officers of the army and navy by ordering them to serve as privates under the lawyers' and merchants' clerks of Toronto, he was entirely in the hands of the family compact. Of their disposition to prolong the contest, the sordid motives may be easily seen. It was a "*multis utile bellum*." Its duration swelled the importance of the leading men, and depressed their adversaries. A large and profuse expenditure scattered the gold of England among their adherents. A vast body of militia and volunteers expended their pay in the principal towns and villages. Commissions in the militia were given to every relation and hanger-on of the principal members of the government. One regiment is said to have been entirely officered by persons of the same family name. Profitable contracts enriched others of the favored connexion. The privates, consisting of the gallant yeomanry who had flown to arms in defence of the empire, were, it is true, in want of common necessities; but the officers drank champagne, and even got their boots at the expense of the government. The

insurgents who made these *otia* were not to be roughly put out of the way. Nay, if by chance the flame should cross the frontier, and we should be involved in hostilities with the United States, there were many who recollected the last war with that country as a golden harvest for the favorites of government, and who would have incurred some risk for the chance of an easy way of making a large fortune.

Such are the sober realities of the affair of Navy Island. Before them, the peril that menaced us, and the merits of those to whom we entrusted our defence, sink into very humble proportions. But, what is more important, we trust that, in consequence, we may now succeed in relieving the public mind from that deep humiliation to which, according to Sir Francis' view, we are subjected by the explanation which Lord Ashburton gave respecting the destruction of the Caroline. The merits of that controversy between the two countries depend entirely on the absolute necessity of the violent measures to which we resorted. The supplying rebels on British soil from the territory of the United States, was undoubtedly a wrong done by that country to us. The gravity of that wrong must be judged of by the circumstances of the two countries. Among the defects which result from the very freedom of American institutions, and especially from the practical independence of the governments of the different States of the Union, perhaps the greatest of all is the weakness of their executive. That weakness is immeasurably aggravated by the vast extent of their frontier, and the thinness of its population. It is a defect of which a prudent neighbor would appreciate the causes; and knowing the impossibility of forcing a remedy, by altering either the institutions or the physical character of the country, he would limit his exertions to the means of preventing it from causing inconvenience to himself. But though the injury done us by the citizens of the United States was indisputable, if the Caroline was really employed in the service attributed to her, the proper remedy was as undoubtedly an application for redress to the government of the United States. The taking the law into our own hands, was in itself an obvious violation of the first principles of the law of nations. It could only be justified by the palpable and urgent necessity of the case. The peril to ourselves must have been imminent, and no remedy but the one adopted open to us. How can we say that such was the case, when the whole insurrection, which was the foundation of the quarrel, was kept up by our own colonial government in the manner we have described? The government of the United States could not interfere to put down an insurrection in our territory. We alone had the right to do it; and can we say that there was any shadow of necessity for burning our neighbor's ship, when we could in an hour have freed ourselves from all the danger and all the mischief that could be done us from the United States, by clearing our own territory of a contemptible handful of insurgents?

The case cannot be stated more strongly in his own condemnation than it is by Sir Francis Head. He tells us that he could have carried Navy Island whenever he chose; and that every one was calling on him to do so. He then gives us this account of his own reason for leaving the rebels unmolested:—

"Ever since my arrival in Canada I had been occupied in a chemical analysis of the comparative advantages between monarchical and republican institutions, in the result of which the civilized

world was not only deeply interested, but was already more or less involved. Many great and good men in all countries were, I knew, looking to the continent of America for the solution of the problem upon which the continuance of the governments of Europe and the destiny of millions, born as well as unborn, must eventually depend; and now what was the evidence that the two opposite shores of the Niagara river offered to these political inquirers! Why, on the one side, the citizens of the republic, destitute of respect either for their own laws or for the laws of nations, had invaded and were preparing to massacre and plunder a neighboring people with whom they were at peace, and who had offered them not the slightest cause for offence; and, secondly, a government, if such it can be called, was openly declaring that it had not power to protect its own arsenals from plunder, and that it was utterly incompetent to restrain its people. On the other side of the river were to be seen assembled men of various races and colors, Scotch, Irish, and English, native Canadians, the red children of the forest, and, lastly, the black population of the province. Ever since the retirement of the queen's troops, the whole of these men had virtually been invested with absolute independence, either to continue under their monarchy or to become republicans. They had not only been invited to revolt, but had been told that, if they would but remain passive, others would revolt for them. The promise was fulfilled; yet, instead of hailing their 'liberators,' they had attacked them, had defeated them, and had driven them from the face of the land they wished to liberate; and now, although they had rushed to the frontier of their country to repel foreigners, whose avowed object was to force them, against their wills, to become republicans—although they had power to overwhelm them, and were burning to do so—in calm obedience to their laws, and to the administration of their government, they submitted with patience to insults they were competent to punish, and to aggressions they had power to revenge. And did this obedience exist only on the Niagara frontier! and was it merely created by the presence of the administrator of their government! No! It pervaded the whole province; it was indigenous to British soil. The supremacy of the law was the will of the Canadian people. It was what they were fighting for; it was what they themselves were upholding, not because it was a gaudy transatlantic European theory, but because it was a practical, substantial blessing—because it formed the title-deeds of their lands, the guardian of their liberty, the protector of their lives—because it was the suppressor of vice and immorality, and because it implanted, fostered, and encouraged, in the minds of their wives and of their little children, gratitude and submission to the Great Author of their existence."

"Now, when on the British bank of the Niagara, I gazed at, and reflected on, the two pictures before me, it was evident to me that, even divesting the one of the chivalrous and enthusiastic feelings which characterized it, and the other of the base passions which disgraced it, the problem was clearly demonstrated, that, under equal excitement, life and property were insecure in the republican country, while under monarchical institutions both were protected. The contrast was so clear, the facts so strong, the evidence so convincing, and the conclusion so inevitable, that I felt convinced that the longer I could keep open the exhibition of these

two pictures, the longer should I afford to the inhabitants of our North American colonies, as well as to our politicians at home, of all descriptions, an opportunity of forming their own opinions, and of arriving at their own conclusions, on the important question in dispute; in short, that with the case before them, they would act as jurymen and as judges in a cause in which the whole family of mankind were interested."

We raise an outcry against the government of the United States, abuse their people and institutions, and finally violate their territory under a plea of necessity, which arises from our tolerating the continuance of insurrection in our own territory:—not because we could not suppress it, but because our governor chose to let it go on while he was making "a chemical analysis of the comparative advantages between monarchical and republican institutions!" Certainly, such a caprice was never yet held by rational men to be a necessity: and when we find that such is the plea on which our case is rested by the representative of our government, we cannot but admire the wisdom of both Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster in settling the matter, by the expression of a wish that an apology had been made when it was certainly so amply due.

The time was now come for Sir Francis to quit his government. His mode of leaving it was a fitting scene in the melodrama which he had been playing. Dark rumors of assassination were conveyed to him from various quarters: and the ex-governor determined to make the terror of his friends a pretext for traversing the United States in disguise. In a chapter called the *Hunted Hare*, he gives a moving tale of the perils amid which he and his faithful Judge Jones accomplished this strange adventure. We should sympathize with them much more heartily had we ever found any human being that believed that any such perils had any real existence. We have always heard that the ex-governor, having reached the town of Waterton in the character of servant to Judge Jones, chose to overact his humble part so grossly as to excite suspicion, and consequently provoke recognition; that having reached the next post, he quitted his carriage, and compelled his venerable companion to ride with him furiously on horseback over rough roads during a winter's night. Of no violence offered to them have we ever heard, nor does Sir Francis even now inform us. The only danger known to have existed was that incurred by the aged judge from a hard and cold exercise, to which his judicial frame was unused. That it would have been quite safe for Sir Francis to adventure himself, as Macleod afterwards did, in the very part of the United States which had been thrown into excitement by the business of the Caroline, we will not affirm: but we cannot believe that any manifestation of inhospitable violence was contemplated in a populous and civilized part, removed from all direct contact with the scenes of recent collision; and in which, from that time to the present, none of the many English travellers that have crossed it ever experienced outrage or insult. In his previous accounts, Sir Francis highly extolled the hospitality with which he was received in the United States, and never mentioned this disagreeable exception. His present belief, that he narrowly escaped from a band of sixty bloodthirsty pursuers by the speed of his horse, is supported in the story he now tells us by no single fact, except his having been accosted in the yard of an inn by a

"huge overgrown man" with "an overheated countenance," who asked him to satisfy an account for cheese which had been left unsettled by some previous governor of Canada: nor are we informed by what strange arts of physiognomy the spectator inferred, from the aspect of this overgrown individual, the place from which he had come, the number of his companions, or the nefarious purpose of their pursuit. Admitting the truth of what Sir Francis assures us he actually saw, we must be excused for withholding our belief in what he imagines until the world is supplied with some proof more consonant with the received notions of evidence. Till then we shall charitably attribute the terrors which he avows to the influence of previous excitement and heated fancy: and class his nightly ride from Waterton to Utica with the flight of Tam o' Shanter from the goblin creations of his own intoxication.

The ex-governor reached home without further perils by land or sea. After a long absence, his mind was refreshed by the sight of an English landscape, in which everything looked "new;" and the yet stranger novelties of the railroad from Liverpool to London. In the "Old Country" he found nothing to shock his love of newness save the colonial office, where he "found everything old;—old men, old women, old notions, old prejudices, old stuff, and old nonsense, and, what was infinitely worse, old principles." He found Lord Durham going out to Canada to try to settle the things which he flattered himself he had satisfactorily settled. With his usual accuracy as to facts and dates, he infers that, as he found on his return from Canada (in the spring of 1838) Wales disturbed by an insurrection, and Birmingham by riots—which did not, as it happens, take place till a great deal more than twelve months afterwards—it would have been more reasonable to direct Lord Durham's inquiries to the mother country. From this time he waited in dignified silence until the close of Lord Durham's mission, and the publication of his lordship's report. The arch-leader of Lord Melbourne's government, as Lord John Russell is designated, seized with avidity on the recommendations of the report as a means of carrying into effect his "real designs," which he could only venture at that time to "unmask" in the colonies. His "clever project" was to "paralyze the queen's secretary of state for the colonies," "separate her majesty's North American colonies from the British crown," "establish democracy in our colonies of the most luxurious growth," "and then hurrah! hurrah! my lads, for a republic at home!" His "sinewy, muscular" efforts to accomplish these, which everybody is aware have always been the palpable objects of Lord John Russell's public conduct, would have been thwarted by Head, had Head found anybody to assist, or even mind him. But Lord Melbourne was the only person who was decently civil to him. He tells us how Peel repulsed him, as we described before: that he could not get the Archbishop of Canterbury even to present a petition from him praying the house of lords to hear him make a speech against the union at its bar: and that so the bill passed. Its fatal consequences under the traitorous administration of Sir Robert Peel, are detailed in the chapter that follows. These consequences were the systematic discouragement of the loyal, and promotion of the treasonable leaders of the different rebellions in the two provinces, about which the ex-governor retails all the personal calumnies and frantic complaints with which a few of the

old jobbers of Canada have for the last four or five years been lamenting the great imperial calamity of their losing their own offices and patronage.

After a ludicrous detail of the calamities thus brought on Canada and the empire, and a grotesque picture of the certain ruin prepared for queen and people by the wickedness of Peel, the author suddenly turns upon that great criminal in a chapter which he has entitled "The Explosion;" and informs his startled reader that he is now going "to explode the mine over which the reader has unconsciously been sitting during his perusal of the last fourteen chapters;" and which is to "scatter to the winds the whole political fabric he has been rearing." But as the explosion involves a nice process of reasoning, Sir Francis is obliged to prepare for it by ten pages of explanation. The substance of his argument is, that though Lord John Russell had long "courageously determined to convert that splendid portion of the queen's empire (Canada) into a republic," he could not have done so if Sir Robert Peel had chosen to prevent him: that Sir Robert Peel did not do so, but, on the contrary, supported the union bill; that he has since acted on a liberal policy in Canada, of which he privately recognizes the utter failure; and that he excuses the whole of his errors by acknowledging in confidence—(Sir Francis says "confidently," meaning "confidentially,")—that he and his friends knew nothing personally of Canada; "and as a nobleman of high rank had been sent out by her majesty's government to acquire information of which we were all ignorant, and as the report of this impartial and distinguished statesman recommended that Upper and Lower Canada should be joined into one province, I deemed it advisable to support to the utmost of my power his lordship's deliberate recommendation, based upon the experience which he had gained in his mission."

*"The moment for the explosion has arrived."*

The explosive matter consists of three reports of private conversations, and one private letter, which all show most clearly that, up to a month before he left Canada, Lord Durham expressed himself strongly against an union of the two provinces. Hence Sir Francis infers that the report contained conclusions directly contrary to those really entertained by Lord Durham; that consequently he signed it without reading or understanding it, when "his mind had been temporarily affected," or "to speak plainly, he was for a moment out of his senses;" and that consequently the whole foundation of Sir Robert Peel's argument for the union is knocked from under him by this clear proof, that he really was not supported by the sober judgment of Lord Durham, which he relied upon as the one ground of the conclusion to which he came.

Admitting all this argument against the soundness of Sir Robert Peel's conclusion, we doubt whether the explosion will have so shattered the reader's logic, as to make him admit the propriety of the course which Sir Francis, in the subsequent chapter headed "Moral," thereupon recommends this country to follow. That is, as Lord Durham's Report occasioned all the evil, to seek safety in simply reversing all that has been done in conformity with its recommendations—repealing the union, and abolishing responsible government—and, in the event of any dissatisfaction being occasioned by such a policy, ordering our governor, "with British colors waving over his head, with the ancient axiom, '*Nolunus leges Angliæ mutari*,' inscribed on the

banner at his side—with his Bible undesecrated—with British laws unaltered—with the honor of the British name unsullied,” to “bid farewell to the Canadian shore,” under a proper salute, and “her majesty’s most earnest prayer,” &c. &c. We think that the logical reader will probably argue, that it would be the part of practical wisdom to try the expediency of maintaining or abrogating the union and responsible government, rather by the actual results of the working of the new system, during the six or seven years of its operation, than by the validity of the arguments which led to its adoption. To whatever extent Lord Durham and Sir Robert Peel may have erred, before we incur the undoubted risks incident to such an abrogation of our policy, it will be deemed advisable, we conceive, to have such proofs of its failure as experience would readily furnish, if they existed. With these, however, Sir Francis does not favor us.

But the premises on which our author rests this bold conclusion are as disputable as his logic. In the first place, supposing the report to have been an erroneous index to Lord Durham’s real opinion as Sir Francis would have us believe, we do not think that Sir Robert’s Report of the union would have been entirely deprived of the ground on which he actually rested it. What he may say in confidence to his intimate friends we know not; and as Sir Francis, from his statements in this very book, is clearly not honored by that confidence, we cannot take his authority for Sir Robert’s private opinion. It is quite clear that the ground on which Sir Francis Head makes him rest that support is not only one on which it never was rested by Sir Robert, but one which he expressly repudiated. On the second and third reading of the union bill, Sir Robert Peel elaborately stated his reasons for supporting it. On the last of these occasions he amplified what he had said on the first. He said:—“He preferred the attempt to govern the Canadas by an union of the two provinces to any other which had been proposed. *What decided his mind* in favor of the union, was the *preponderance of the local authorities* in the provinces in support of it.” After referring to the opinions of different governors, and the votes of the assembly of Upper Canada, he added that,—“*He was not inclined to lay any great stress on the opinion of Lord Durham, or Mr. Thomson, who had been but a short time in the colony; but he certainly did attach the greatest weight to that of Lord Seaton.*” It is clear, therefore, that it was not Lord Durham who influenced Sir Robert; and unless Sir Francis has an explosion in store for Lord Seaton, we do not see how he can blow up the authority on which Sir Robert Peel relied.

But we must leave the “explosion” to waste its destructive powers on Lord Durham’s Report. Even had his lordship been entirely a stranger to that document, had his intellects been as disordered as his assailant would charitably suppose them to have been, the value of the report, by whomever written, would have rested on the soundness of its views and the wisdom of its recommendations. The discrepancy, however, of its conclusions, from the previous opinions of Lord Durham, can hardly be taken as proof of the groundless assertion that he was not its author; for the facts which Sir Francis has “discovered” and “disclosed” throw no new light on the matter. That Lord Durham changed his opinions there is no denying; it is matter of notoriety. There is no denying that while he was in Canada his dislike to the union of the two Canadas

was as well known as his presence in the province. If Sir Francis had done any of Lord Durham’s friends the honor of consulting them on this strange revelation, they might have spared him the trouble of proving his case by resorting to disreputable violations of private conversation and correspondence. They might have given him, not four, but fifty proofs of what Lord Durham said and wrote to almost every human being with whom he conversed, and which, in fact, no one took any trouble to conceal. In fact, they might have simplified the whole matter by referring him to the Report, in which the change of opinion is declared and accounted for.

It is well known that when Lord Durham went to Canada, his desire was to give effect to a plan for uniting all the provinces of British North America into one Federal Union. This purpose he announced in June, or July, to the principal persons of the British party in Montreal; and to secure the adoption and arrange the details of his plan, he called together, first, the governors of the lower provinces, and secondly, that deputation of delegates from them which was assembled at Quebec at the very moment in which he received the intelligence that led to his return home. At this scheme he labored most zealously, and he succeeded in making many converts to his views. He found himself opposed by the adherents of the long cherished plan for a simple legislative union of the two Canadas. To this plan Lord Durham was then averse, because, as he frequently states in his despatches, he was apprehensive of its leading to injustice towards the French of Lower Canada. He expressed those objections, as was his fashion, in plain and strong terms; and he did not scruple to point out the selfish motives, which undoubtedly did influence many of the people of Montreal to prefer the lesser plan, that would most certainly benefit their own town, to the larger scheme, which he deemed most conducive to the well-being of the North American provinces, and the greatness of the empire.

The discussions with the delegates of the lower provinces had, however, pointed out various difficulties in the details of a general union. What was more important, they had raised great doubts as to the ripeness of the public mind in the lower provinces for an union with the Canadas. Nevertheless, we believe that Lord Durham, when he left Canada, was still so much inclined to his original plan, that he was disposed rather to wait for the period at which it might be accomplished, than to propose, in the first instance, any less extensive union. The second insurrection, which broke out during his voyage home, convinced him that the disorders of Lower Canada would admit of no delay; and compelled him, much against his inclination, to admit that the present peril must be guarded against by an immediate adoption of an union of the Canadas.

These are no gratuitous suppositions of ours. The process of conviction, which we have described, is written in the Report. In fact, as will appear from the extracts which follow, the true character of that Report may best be given by describing it as arguing for a general union of the provinces, with a recommendation that until that purpose can be accomplished, we must be content with an union of the Canadas alone. Let us hear Lord Durham himself:—“On my first arrival in Canada,” he says in p. 110 of the report, “I was strongly inclined to the project of a federal union, and it was with such a plan in view, that I discussed a general measure for the government of the colonies, with

the deputations from the lower provinces, and with various leading individuals and public bodies in both the Canadas. I was fully aware that it might be objected that a federal union would, in many cases, produce a weak and rather a cumbrous government; that a colonial federation must have, in fact, little legitimate authority or business, the greater part of the ordinary functions of a federation falling within the scope of the imperial legislature and executive; and that the main inducement to federation, which is the necessity of conciliating the pretensions of independent states to the maintenance of their own sovereignty, could not exist in the case of colonial dependencies, liable to be moulded according to the pleasure of the supreme authority at home. In the course of the discussions which I have mentioned, I became aware also of great practical difficulties in any plan of federal government, particularly those that must arise in the management of the general revenues, which would in such a plan have to be again distributed among the provinces. But I had still more strongly impressed on me the great advantages of an united government; and I was gratified by finding the leading minds of the various colonies strongly and generally inclined to a scheme that would elevate their countries into something like a national existence. I thought that it would be the tendency of a federation sanctioned and consolidated by a monarchical government, gradually to become a complete legislative union; and that thus, while conciliating the French of Lower Canada, by leaving them the government of their own province, and their own internal legislation, I might provide for the protection of British interests by the general government, and for the gradual transition of the provinces into an united and homogeneous community.

"But the period of gradual transition is past in Lower Canada. In the present state of feeling among the French population, I cannot doubt that any power which they might possess would be used against the policy and the very existence of any form of British government. I cannot doubt that any French Assembly that shall again meet in Lower Canada will use whatever power, be it more or less limited, it may have, to obstruct the government, and undo whatever has been done by it. Time, and the honest coöperation of the various parties, would be required to aid the action of a federal constitution; and time is not allowed, in the present state of Lower Canada, nor coöperation to be expected from a legislature, of which the majority shall represent its French inhabitants. I believe that tranquillity can only be restored by subjecting the province to the vigorous rule of an English majority; and that the only efficacious government would be that formed by a legislative union."

After entering into certain details of the actual proportion of the two races, he argues that an union of the two provinces would effect this purpose. At the end of this, however, he adds, in the next page:—"But while I convince myself that such desirable ends would be secured by the legislative union of the two provinces, I am inclined to go further, and inquire whether all these objects would not more surely be attained, by extending this legislative union over all the British provinces in North America; and whether the advantages which I anticipate for two of them, might not, and should not in justice be extended over all. Such an union would at once decisively settle the question of races; it would enable all the provinces to coöper-

ate for all common purposes; and, above all, it would form a great and powerful people, possessing the means of securing good and responsible government for itself, and which, under the protection of the British empire, might in some measure counterbalance the preponderant and increasing influence of the United States on the American continent."

He then goes on for about four pages to reason on the advantages of this extended union of British North America; and finally in p. 115, thus sums up his practical conclusions:—"With such views, I should without hesitation recommend the immediate adoption of a general legislative union of all the British provinces in North America, if the regular course of government were suspended or perilled in the lower provinces, and the necessity of the immediate adoption of a plan for their government, without reference to them, a matter of urgency; or if it were possible to delay the adoption of a measure with respect to the Canadas until the project of an union could have been referred to the legislatures of the lower provinces. But the lower provinces, though it justifies the proposal of an union, would not, I think, render it gracious, or even just, on the part of parliament to carry it into effect without referring it for the ample deliberation and consent of the people of those colonies. Moreover, the state of the two Canadas is such, that neither the feelings of the parties concerned nor the interests of the crown or the colonies themselves, will admit of a single session, or even of a large portion of a session of parliament being allowed to pass without a definite decision by the imperial legislature, as to the basis on which it purposes to found the future government of those colonies."

"In existing circumstances, the conclusion to which the foregoing considerations lead me, is, that no time should be lost in proposing to parliament a bill for repealing the 31st Geo. III.; restoring the union of the Canadas under one legislature; and reconstituting them as one province."

"The bill should contain provisions by which any or all of the other North American colonies may, on the application of the legislature, be, with the consent of the two Canadas, or their united legislature, admitted into the union on such terms as may be agreed on between them."

Such being Lord Durham's account of his change of mind on this subject, we think the public will find an explanation of the fact, that after having, while in Canada, been averse to the union of the two provinces, when proposed as a final measure, he did, without being at all mad, or unconscious of what he was doing, conclude by proposing that union as the first step in a scheme for that larger union which he had always preferred; and if Sir Francis had read and understood the Report, he might have spared himself the ridicule of this explosive revelation of a mystery already explained in a public document.

We need not enter into any detailed vindication of the working of the union and responsible government against the complaints which Sir Francis, echoing the lamentations of a few displaced officials, makes against what they are pleased to call that systematic elevation of the rebel, and depression of the loyal, which they charge on Sir Robert Peel. It is no doubt true, that after the execution of several of the principal leaders in various outbreaks, when a vast number of those persons who had been convicted, or who had fled the province, had expiated their offences in a transportation or

baniishment of some four or five years, Lord Metcalfe did gradually obtain pardons for every person except Mackenzie and Dr. Robert Nelson, the principal culprits in each province. Such amnesty needs no defence. But it is not true that any person undoubtedly guilty of taking arms against her majesty has been promoted to any office of dignity and importance. And, indeed, Sir Francis only pretends to make out his case, by classing in the category of traitors every person who has at any time happened to be in opposition to the government, or to have been the object of a precipitate charge of treason or sedition. Thus Mr. Baldwin, against whom no accusation of treason, sedition, or even indiscreet language, was ever hazarded by his most heated opponent in the province, even in the most heated times, is placed foremost in the group of rebels, because he spoke and voted against Sir Francis Head in the provincial parliament. The late M. Valiere de St. Real, made chief-justice of Montreal because he was indisputably the ablest lawyer in the province, is represented as a traitor, because, in the course of the rebellion, he was suspended by Sir John Colborne from his judgeship at Three Rivers, for scrutinizing the special ordinances with too legal an eye. And the old charge of treasonable correspondence with rebels is renewed against M. Lafontaine, on the ground of a garbled extract from two sentences in a long letter, containing a foolish joke, addressed to a friend who, ten months afterwards, was supposed to be compromised in an outbreak.

By the same loose reasoning all those who sided with the governor and the official party, not merely in the rebellion, but in the various conflicts of provincial politics, are extolled as loyal men, whom the imperial government is forever bound to uphold in the possession of political power. Such a pretension has never been admitted in any free government. Lord Sidmouth's services in suppressing Thistlewood's conspiracy or Lord Normanby's in putting down Frost's insurrection, were never deemed to entitle them, and the whole party to which they respectively belonged, to a perpetual tenure of office. Public services even more distinguished than that of simply taking the right side in a rebellion, have never been held to give a claim to hold power in spite of the public voice. The Duke of Wellington may, we think, fairly be said to have done his country better service than Sir Allan Macnab, or even Sir Francis Head; and yet we never heard it contended that the honor of the British crown was tarnished by his grace's remaining for ten years out of office. In free governments, the people must be left to form their own estimate of the claims created by such services: and if the Tories of the two Canadas have not had uninterrupted possession of office, that result must be ascribed to the free choice of the loyal majority of the province, who cannot be said to have been signally discouraged by being enabled to exercise such influence in the selection of their rulers. And it would be an entire mistake to imagine, on Sir Francis' authority, that the effect of the union has been, by means of a combination of Upper Canada republicans with the disaffected French of the lower province, to place those whom he describes as the loyal always at the feet of those whom he denounces as rebels. The truth is, that, in spite of this much-dreaded junction, the leaders of the reform and French parties have held power for a very short time, and are now in a decided minority; and the government, since the union, has been in

the hands of a party comprising all the better portion of the Tories of former times. Nay, we do not see that the very heroes of the family compact have been so very hardly used as Sir Francis would make out. Chief-Justice Robinson has been removed from his political post of president of the legislative council, which he never ought to have held; but he still is chief-justice. Sir Allan Macnab would be speaker now if he had not resigned his office in June last for one which he thought better, and has since thrown up, no one exactly knows why. Faithful Judge Jones and heroic Judge Maclean have never been displaced. Sir Francis' attorney-general, Hagerman, ceased to be attorney-general only on being elevated to the bench. And Mr. Draper, Sir Francis' solicitor-general, has ceased to be solicitor-general only because he is attorney-general, and actually the leader of the existing provincial ministry. We know of no one who has a right to complain except one person, whose merits and claims Sir Francis carefully abstains from ever mentioning—we mean Colonel Fitzgibbon; and we must say that the treatment experienced by this distinguished officer, to whose foresight and courage we owe, under God, the safety of Toronto, has not been creditable to the generosity or justice of the mother country. The assembly, soon after the insurrection, recognized his services by a vote of five thousand acres of wild land. The colonial office stopped this as violating what is, no doubt, the sound rule of allowing these lands to pass from the crown only by sale. The assembly thereupon declared that Colonel Fitzgibbon's services ought to be rewarded by a grant of £2,000. One thousand of this they voted; the other they declared ought to be contributed by the imperial treasury. And this up to this hour has been refused. Our government, forgetting all its magnificent promises to those who should defend the mother country assailed in one of her colonies, now regards the saving of that colony as a purely provincial service, which no one out of the province is concerned in rewarding.

We have now pretty well picked our crow, and we may safely dismiss the political history and theories of Sir Francis Head into the region of chimeras and confusion. We have said enough, we hope, to prevent his statements from weakening any man's confidence in the wisdom or success of the great experiment adopted first by Lord John Russell, and secondly with even greater completeness by Sir Robert Peel, in pursuance of Lord Durham's report. Hitherto the result of that experiment has exceeded our expectations. It has not, indeed, produced the marvellous effect of suddenly amalgamating parties and races, separated by the animosities originating in long misgovernment. It has not in six years completely consolidated a variety of conflicting interests and sections into well-established parties, or raised up any body of men competent to mould the fractional elements of the united assembly into a decided and steady majority. The position of the present provincial ministry, acquired and maintained amid excitement and strife, is probably precarious; nor do we yet see any very certain prospect of the speedy formation of a strong government. But we are not dismayed at finding exhibited in a community, newly formed out of two provinces distracted by anarchy and civil war, the weakness which any sudden change of ancient institutions, and any violent disruption of parties, has often exhibited in older countries—even in England

itself. The union has wrought this great change—that the quarrels before decided by arms are now settled in debates and elections; that the arm of government is no longer paralyzed by that permanent collision between the executive and legislative authorities which used to keep British North America in what Lord Durham called a state of “constituted anarchy;” that the resentments springing out of past misgovernment and dissension, if not wholly removed, have been materially softened; that if the most perfect harmony has not suddenly been created, we have at least been free from the dread of rebellion and adhesion to a foreign country. And those who reproach Sir Robert Peel with his Canadian policy as a dereliction of his principles, and his duty to the crown, blame him for what was the true conservative policy—the only policy that could, or can preserve British North America to the crown, or render its preservation desirable.

The questions that disturbed the past are settled. Whatever dangers now threaten these provinces, or their connexion with the empire, are the offspring of new contingencies in the progress of affairs. Such dangers, we believe, will be averted by a policy which, while it steadfastly upholds the changes already wrought, shall direct itself to the accomplishment of the larger views embodied in Lord Durham's Report. When, by such a policy we shall have succeeded in forming these vast and important possessions into a compact and powerful community, and in exhibiting on that wide theatre the useful working of the fundamental institutions of the British monarchy, we may hope to have provided for the tranquillity and security of British North America a long, honorable, and advantageous continuance of its connexion with the mother country. And the realization of such hopes we may fairly expect at the hands of those distinguished connexions of Lord Durham who now preside over the colonial department, and the government of Canada.

From the Examiner.

*Jacques Cœur, the French Argonaut, and His Times.*  
By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO, Author of “The Rose Garden of Persia.” Bentley.

THIS book contains the only notice we are acquainted with, in English, of the great French merchant and financier of the middle ages. It deserves attention on that account; and because it presents, in connection with what scanty details have survived of the life of Jacques Cœur, curious facts and information from the chroniclers of the period, which do not present themselves in ordinary reading.

The period was that of Henry the Fifth and Sixth in England. It was the money of Jacques Cœur which enabled the French to profit by the genius and enthusiasm of Joan of Arc; and it was his honest sympathy, and steady, manly counsel, which seems to have sustained the tender and brave heart of the noblest of royal mistresses, Agnes Sorel, in her efforts to save the king. On her death she selected him for her executor. He had sprung from the people, and raised himself, by successful commercial enterprise, to a level with the princes of his age. He found French commerce behind that of every other nation, and left it prosperous and increasing. Direct and speedy communication with the East seems to have been his great idea. Modern Europe is still contending for it. He had at one time in this employment three hundred factors; and

the rest of the merchants of France, with the whole of those of Italy, are not supposed to have equalled this one man in the extent of their commercial dealings. As rich as Jacques Cœur became a proverb. It was even rumored and believed that he had found the philosopher's stone. And he proved worthy of his wealth by giving it noble uses. He raised three armies for Charles at his own cost; and he repaired and reestablished in his office of *Argentier*, the deranged finances of the kingdom. But his weakness seems to have lain in the direction of personal magnificence and splendor; and to this we may trace his fall. He did not allow sufficiently for the prejudices of his age, and at last armed them for his ruin. He is described to have far transcended, in his personal attendance and equipments, the chiefs of the most illustrious families of France; and when Charles made his triumphal entry into Rouen, the merchant Jacques Cœur was seen by the side of Dunois with arms and tunic precisely the same as his. His destruction was planned by a party of the nobles, and an indictment of all sorts of crimes preferred against him; among them the charge of having poisoned Agnes Sorel. He narrowly escaped torture and death; and only this by confiscation of his treasures, (which his judges divided among them,) and perpetual banishment. The latter resolved itself ultimately into a sort of strict surveillance in a French convent, which he at last escaped by the fidelity of one of his agents, who had married his niece. He was again characteristically engaging in active pursuits, and beginning life anew as the pope's captain-general on the coast of Asia Minor, when illness seized him in the island of Scio. He left, in his death, another example of the world's treatment of its greatest benefactors.

These are the leading facts in the life of Jacques Cœur, and little else is known. Voltaire's notion of his having established himself, and rehabilitated his fortunes, in the island of Cyprus, where he lived to a great old age, was exploded long ago. Miss Costello has found no new facts, and properly refrains from anything new in the way of theory. She seems to have had an enthusiasm for her hero awakened recently by a visit to his famous city of Bourges; and she dwells much on the curious remains of the old merchant's house, (with some drawings of portions of which, taken from a clever and elaborate local publication, her volume is illustrated,) which still exist in that fine old place. But we question the meaning she would assign to some of the sculptures and decorations that have been re-traced and cleared from the inroads of time. One room appears to have been a satire on tournaments and battles, made up of grotesque imitations of those knightly pursuits. But this does not necessarily imply contempt for them, or any design to bring them into contempt. A knight or monarch might have them in his house, as he might indulge in a domestic fool. We suspect that if Jacques Cœur had really despised them, he might have better succeeded in keeping what he gained.

#### BOURGES.

“The town of Bourges, the capital of the ancient province of Berry, and now of the department of Cher, was, from a very early period of history, a place of great importance; and though it has in the course of time fallen into a state of extreme neglect and dilapidation, its fortunes are at this moment reviving, and it bids fair to become once again a flourishing and commercial city.

“Being situated nearly in the centre of France,

its position gives it many advantages which, from time to time, have appeared evident to the existing government, and it is accordingly made use of for purposes which no other town could so well supply. The great southern railroad, which is now rapidly approaching it, will bring much in its train, and will introduce it to many a traveller who has hitherto been scarcely aware of its existence. Extensive barracks have been erected there, and Bourges is now a grand dépôt of artillery; old houses and streets are disappearing, new ramparts and defences are being erected, and in the course of a few years it may resume something of its former grandeur, of which it must be confessed that very little appears to remain, to one merely passing through its ill-paved and slovenly streets.

"Were it however even worse, and more disagreeably neglected than it is, it possesses attractions such as few other towns can offer, rich as France is in historical monuments of greater general interest than any other country in Europe can offer. The chief treasures of Bourges may be esteemed the house of Jacques Cœur and the cathedral of Saint Etienne."

#### JACQUES CŒUR'S EARLY LIFE.

"The great and patriotic object of Jacques Cœur was to elevate the commerce of France, which, at the period at which he lived, was exceedingly behind that of other nations. He made many voyages in Italy and in the East, and succeeded in establishing extensive relations with merchants there. Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence had hitherto monopolized all the commerce of the Mediterranean; Barcelona also flourished, and had great dealings with Damascus; but the ports of France were empty of vessels, and in a languishing condition. In a short time, by his energy and genius, the merchant of Bourges changed this state of things, and, visiting in person countries whose negotiations he desired to attract, he gained his object and attained the noble end he sought.

"Bertrandon de la Brocquière, counsellor and first esquire, carved to Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, travelled to Palestine in the year 1433, and relates, amongst his numerous adventures, the circumstance of his having met Jacques Cœur, in these words:

"I found there (in Damascus) many Genoese, Venetian, Calabrian, Florentine, and French merchants. The last were come thither to purchase several articles, and particularly spices, with the intention of taking them to Baruth, (Beyrout,) and embarking them on board the galley expected from Narbonne. Among them was Jacques Cœur, who has since acted a great part in France, and was Agent to the king. He told us that the galley was then at Alexandria, and that probably Sir Andrew (de Toulgeon) and his three companions (Pierre de Vaudrei, Geoffroi de Toisi, and Jean de la Roc, who had accompanied de la Brocquière, and meant to return home by sea) would embark on board at Baruth."

#### HIS ENTERPRISE AND WEALTH.

"In the course of twenty years Jacques Cœur had more commercial power than all the rest of the merchants of the Mediterranean put together. Three hundred of his agents resided at the different ports, not only of Europe, but of the East, and in all the nations contiguous to France. Everywhere his vessels were respected, as though he had been a sovereign prince; they covered the seas wherever

commerce was to be cultivated, and from farthest Asia they brought back cloths of gold and silk, furs, arms, spices, and ingots of gold and silver, still swelling his mighty stores, and filling Europe with surprise at his adventurous daring, and his unparalleled perseverance. Like his great prototype, Cosmo de Medici, who, from a simple merchant, became a supreme ruler, Jacques Cœur, the Medicis of Bourges, became illustrious and wealthy, and sailed long in the favorable breezes of fortune, admired, envied, feared, and courted by all.

"His wealth gave rise to a proverb, long retained by the citizens of his native town: 'As rich as Jacques Cœur,' expressed all that could be conceived of prosperity and success. Popular tradition asserts that, so great was the profusion of the precious metals that he possessed, that his horses were *shod with silver*; a common reputation, even at the present day, enjoyed by persons of singular wealth. The adornment of Bourges, where he was born, was not one of the least projects of the great merchant, and having, with a large sum, purchased a considerable tract of land in the town, he began, in 1443, to build that magnificent mansion which still remains a noble relic of his taste and wealth."

#### AGNES SOREL.

"She is described as singularly beautiful, and full of grace and spirit, animated and amusing in her manners and conversation, remarkably gay, and though replete with wit and cheerfulness, solid sense and just judgment quite as much distinguished her.

"As, of course, in a court where there were so many contending interests, she could not fail to have enemies, some have represented her as frivolous and extravagant in her habits and her dress, and she is reproached for infringing the laws which regulated the costume of females under the rank of sovereign princesses and duchesses. She is said to have worn the same furs, gold ornaments, velvets, and jewels as the queen, and an anecdote is related of her, that on hearing that her presumption in this respect was complained of by the Parisians, she was very indignant, and exclaimed, that 'the Parisians were ignorant people, and if she had fancied they would not have shown her more honor, she would not have set foot in the capital.'

"Probably she felt that her services to the country claimed from them, at least, that her fame should be respected. For five years she remained in the queen's service, and that seems to have been the period when the gayety of the court was at its height, and when the magnificent towers of Chinon and Loches echoed with the sound of revelry. There is still among the beautiful ruins of Chinon the Tour d'Agnes Sorel, where one of her apartments is the most entire of any in the castle;—what is singular and strangely characteristic of the times is, that immediately beneath this chamber is a horrible oubliette.

"Agnes, it has been observed, was accused of excessive extravagance in dress, and it was the extraordinary magnificence she displayed, as well as the advancement of her family, that gave rise to the first rumors injurious to her honor. Even though the famous anecdote were a fabrication which is generally related of her, when she wished to excite Charles to exertion,\* still it proves that she was

\*The popular anecdote alluded to is the following:—Charles was one day in her presence consulting the court astrologer, a personage always entertained as a necessary appendage at that period; she in her turn desired to know

believed to have used all her influence to rouse him from the lethargy into which he had permitted himself to fall.

"Not only was Agnes beloved by the queen, but though, from her favor with Charles, she had many enemies at court, those the most sincerely attached to him held her in the greatest esteem.

"Amongst these the chiefest was Jacques Cœur, and, in spite of the absurd accusation made against him on her sudden death, the best proof of her regard for him was, that she named him her executor in her will. Even the wicked, wilful, incorrigible dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., who was said at one time to be her bitter enemy, and suffered under the same accusation of having taken her life as Jacques Cœur, showed the respect he had for her memory by the contemptuous answer he returned to the monks of Loches, when, with a view of pleasing him, they offered to remove her ashes from the church which she had endowed. He recommended them, if they did so, to relinquish at the same time all the benefits which they enjoyed by her donations to their establishment. This, of course, put a stop to their zeal, and the beautiful monument of La Belle Agnes, which still adorns the church of Loches, was permitted to remain, nor did the monks decline a further grant from the king which he made in her honor of 6,000 livres. Had Louis XI. held the memory of Agnes in contempt, he would scarcely have acted thus. There were, doubtless, moments in his after life in which he felt remorse for his unfilial conduct to his father. Politic as he was, he could not but be aware that there were points in the character of Agnes Sorel to be admired, and whatever might have been his feelings of jealousy towards the fair favorite, he must have appreciated all that was valuable in her conduct.

"One of the anecdotes told of him is, that when a young man at his father's court, Louis, disgusted at the assumption of Agnes, had been so far carried away by passion, that he had struck the beautiful favorite, and was, in consequence, banished by Charles to Dauphine. There is no doubt of the turbulence of Louis, or of his continual ill conduct; but whether he really had any personal contest with the *Demoiselle de Beauté* cannot be altogether ascertained. If, however, this was the case, he did not show any resentment to her memory when he was of a mature age, and more able to judge of her merits. The sudden death of Agnes has been attributed to poison, administered to her by the agents of the dauphin, in consequence of her having discovered and informed the king of a conspiracy in which he was engaged; but Jacques Cœur, her personal friend, was also accused of being her murderer, as well as of being in the plot with Louis against his father—accusations which were got up for the purpose of effecting his ruin, and which were clearly disproved. \* \* \*

"To the hour of her death Agnes considered Jacques Cœur true to her interests, and the contradic-

tion of his being accused of her murder is the more incomprehensible.

her fate, and the answer of the 'cunning man' was, that she was destined to be for a long time the adored object of the greatest monarch of the age. Agnes, taking advantage of the opportunity to convey to the king her opinion of his supineness, with a grave air saluted him, saying, 'Sire, if the oracle speaks sooth, I entreat you to permit me to leave you and repair to the court of England, in order that I may fulfil my destiny, for certainly King Henry, who is about to annex your crown to his own, must be the greatest monarch of the two.' Charles, shamed by this judicious sarcasm, from that moment threw off the sloth which repressed his valor, and showed himself worthy of the character that she sought."

tion of his being accused of her murder is the more incomprehensible.

"He is said to have been at one time opposed to her, disapproving of the expenses into which her magnificent style of living led the king; but this was, probably, only a passing cloud which obscured their friendship, and her good qualities no doubt soon effaced the unfavorable impression, for as both were patriots, they had one common cause, which united their interests.

"It is a known fact, that many of the nobles attached to the cause of Charles VII., excited by the noble example of Agnes Sorel, who gave up all her plate and jewels to supply funds for the army, made offerings to the king of their richest possessions in this kind, not being provided, as at that time Jacques Cœur himself was, with real money to place at his service.

"It was not till after all was gained that these generous impulses faded away, and those who had sacrificed so much began to long for all the stores, yet undiminished, of the wealthy merchant."

These extracts may show that Miss Costello's volume possesses considerable interest, and will well repay perusal.

STEMMATA QUID FACIUNT.—The "Morning Post" announces the following marriage in high life:—"Married, at Bathwick church, Bath, by the Rev. Henry Rogers, of All Saints, Bristol, on Wednesday, the 21st instant, Lieut. Colonel Sir Robert Gyll, late 15th King's Hussars, and *Guard Yeoman Guard* to his Majesty William IV., youngest son of Lady Harriet Flemyng, only daughter of Hamilton Flemyng, 9th Earl of Wigton, and Captain William Gyll, of the 2d Life Guards, 1st Equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, only son of Alderman Gyll of the city of London, of Yeoveny House, Middlesex, and Wraybury House, Bucks, to Jane Pryse Thomason, the lovely widow of Henry Botfield Thomason, of Peachfield, county of Worcester, only son of Sir Edward and Lady Thomason, of Great Pulteny street, Bath, and youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Pinborne, of Ringwood Park, Isle of Wight. After the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom returned to Lady Thomason's, to a select breakfast prepared for the occasion, when the happy pair left for Clifton to spend the honey-moon." We have but a very indistinct idea after all, whose son Sir Robert Gyll really is, and "the lovely widow's" relationship to the Thomasons and the Pinhornes is little less of a mystery. The mind loses itself completely in the maze of lieutenant-colonels, guard yeoman guards, captains, equeries, knights, and aldermen, and seeks in vain to find a resting place in Bristol, Bath, Middlesex, Bucks, Worcester, the Isle of Wight, and Clifton. The only consolatory reflection excited is that the bride and bridegroom enjoyed "a select breakfast prepared for the occasion."—*Examiner*.

Domestic life is the most delightful, because it repeats our childhood.

In order not to be made servile by the great, let us place before our minds a still greater.

Man despises the man most with whom he is most frequently brought into contact; for instance, the publisher the author, &c.

A single odor awakens a whole host of old associations; it has more influence than even the eye upon the imagination.

We have a certain complacency in witnessing an air of defiance in a criminal before his judges, because he thereby lessens our consciousness of subjection to authority.

From the Athenæum.

*Poems and Songs by Allan Cunningham. With an Introduction, Glossary, and Notes. By Peter Cunningham. Murray.*

"It was the opinion," says the editor, "of the author of the following poems and songs that his fame would rest hereafter chiefly, if not entirely, on the kindly criticisms of Sir Walter Scott and Southey." This is in all respects a mistake. No poet will go down to posterity on mere testimonials. In the court of the world's future, parol evidence of an old title will not be sufficient to establish a literary fame; and the appeal for final critical judgment must be made on the appellant's own good (and written) deeds. Nor was Allan Cunningham—having undeniable documents to show—driven to rely on any such secondary evidence; and the present republication of a portion of his title deeds to fame is an honorable and welcome tribute from a worthy son to a worthy father.

The collection before us of the Scottish poet's productions is divided into three several parts; the first comprising his well-known imitations of the Old Ballad, Jacobite Reliques, &c.—the second some of his Miscellaneous Pieces—and the third what are generically called his Songs—the distinction being, however, in some cases more arbitrary than scientific. The principal interest of the volume attaches to the first of these divisions; of whose composition the editor has given a history pleasant in itself, and which may perhaps induce those who knew Allan Cunningham and his simple worth to revise the *very* hard names that have been attached to the questionable ingenuities of the Savages, Macphersons and Irelands. They who cannot do this may find the history of these Jacobite Imitations more pleasant than profitable; but the friends of the bard generally looked upon the mystification which it involves as an additional evidence of poetic aptitude which their knowledge of the man and his motives forbade them to qualify by any moral impeachment.—

"Mr. R. H. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries in the summer of 1809, accompanied by Mr. T. Stothard, the celebrated painter. The object of their joint visit was the collection of materials and drawings for an enlarged and illustrated edition of the works of Burns. Mr. Cromek had published, a few years before, a supplemental volume to Currie's edition of the works, and pleased with the success of the 'Reliques,' (so the volume was entitled,) was preparing for publication, at the same time, a select collection of Scottish Songs, with the notes and memoranda of Burns, and such additional materials as his own industry could bring together. Mr. Cromek brought a letter of introduction to my father from Mrs. Fletcher of Edinburgh, herself a poetess, and the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Campbell. A similarity of pursuits strengthened their acquaintance; their talk was all about Burns, the old Border Ballads, and the Jacobite Songs of '15 and '45. Cromek found his young friend, then a stonemason earning eighteen shillings a-week, well versed in the poetry of his country, with a taste naturally good and an extent of reading, for one in his condition, really surprising. Stothard, who had a fine feeling for poetry, was equally astonished. In one of their conversations on modern Scottish song, Cromek made the discovery that the Dumfries mason on eighteen shillings a week was himself a poet. Mrs.

Fletcher may have told him as much, but I never heard that she did; this, however, is immaterial. Cromek, in consequence of this discovery, asked to see some of his 'effusions'; they were shown to him; and at their next meeting he observed, as I have heard my father tell with great good humor, imitating Cromek's manner all the while, 'Why, sir, your verses are well, very well; but no one should try to write songs after Robert Burns unless he could either write like him or some of the old minstrels.' The disappointed poet nodded assent, changed the subject of conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale. 'Gad, sir!' said Cromek; 'if we could but make a volume—Gad, sir!—see what Percy has done, and Ritson, and Mr. Scott more recently with his *Border Minstrelsy*.' The idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment; and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway. Cromek foresaw a volume of genuine verse, and entered keenly into the idea of the Nithsdale and Galloway publication. A few fragments were soon submitted. 'Gad, sir! these are the things;' and, like Polyphemus, he cried for more. 'More, give me more; this is divine!' He never suspected a cheat, or, if at all, not at this time."

Such is the plot of the poetical comedy designed by, or rather suddenly suggested to, Allan Cunningham:—and, according to the editor, he played it out. On Cromek's return to London, the incidents thicken—and progress in due artistic development to a final and natural issue. The deception practised upon Cromek was so well managed that its acceptance by the latter has nothing which shocks the probabilities. The art of the imitation was sufficient for the capture of an imagination like Cromek's—devoted to the search after legendary verse and made by his enthusiasm for Burns thirsty for the traditional poetry of Scotland. From the time of his return home, a constant correspondence was carried on between him and the bard; and the letters of the former have been found by the editor among his father's papers. They are the best evidence of the individualities on which a mystification like the one in question was calculated to do its work:—

"His first letter is dated October 9, 1809.

"*To Mr. Allan Cunningham.*

64 Newman Street, 9th Oct., 1809.

"How are you getting on with your collection? Don't be in a hurry. I think between us we shall make a most interesting book."

"On the back of this letter is the first rough copy of 'Bonnie Lady Anne.' Cromek's second letter is dated 27th Oct., 1809. The 'very fine poem'—the wonderful performance' he refers to, was the song 'She's gane to dwell in Heaven.'

"*To Mr. Allan Cunningham.*

64 Newman Street, 27th Oct., 1809.

"Thank you very, very kindly, my good Allan, for your interesting letter, and the very fine poem it contained. Your short but sweet criticism on this wonderful performance supersedes the necessity of my saying a word more in its praise. I must, however, just remark that I do not know anything more touching, more simply pathetic in the whole range of Scottish song. Pray what d'ye think of

its age! I am of opinion from the *dialect*, that it is the production of a Border minstrel; though not of one who has 'full ninety winters seen.' In old ballads, *abstract ideas* are rarely meddled with—an old minstrel would not have personified 'Gudeness,' nor do I think he would have used compound epithets 'death-cold,' 'death-shut ee,' &c.; much less would he have introduced the epithet 'calm' as it is applied in this sang. A bard of the olden time would have said *a calm sea, a calm night*, and such like. The epithet 'fell' ('Fell Time' in the last line of the 7th verse) is a word almost exclusively used by mere cold-blooded *classic* poets, and not by the poets of nature, and it certainly has crept into the present song through the ignorance of reciters. We must remove it, and its removal must not be mentioned. We'll bury it 'in the family vault of all the Capulets.' 'Ye're owre pure'—I do not recollect the word pure in old or indeed in modern Scotch ballads; but it may pass muster. I have read these verses to my old mother, my wife, sister, and family, till *all our hearts ache*. The last verse of 'Bonny Lady Anne' contains a fine sentiment. The Jacobite songs will be a great acquisition. I am pretty sure that among us we shall produce a book of consequence and interest. I have now arranged the plan of publication. I shall place Burns and his remarks with the songs remarked on at the front of the battle. These songs will afford hints for many notes, &c. You and I will then come forward with our budget in an appendix introduced with some remarks on Scottish song, which *I much wish* you would try your hand at. I think you will succeed in this much better than myself. I will then conclude the book with a selection of principally old songs and ballads, from *Johnson's Musical Museum*. This selection will consist of about five-and-twenty or thirty of the best songs, which lay buried alive amid the rubbish of that heterogeneous mass."

Our illustration of this pleasant history would not be so complete as our readers may desire without the introduction of the fine poem alluded to by the Cromek comment—

"SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
She's gane to dwell in heaven:  
'Ye're owre pure,' quo' the voice o' God,  
'For dwelling out o' heaven!"

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie!  
O what'll she do in heaven!  
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,  
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
She was beloved by a';  
But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,  
Lowly there thou lies;  
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;  
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',  
But tuke gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,  
I look'd on thy death-cold face;

Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,  
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,  
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;  
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven  
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven  
That sang the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now, mine lassie,  
There's naught but dust now mine;  
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,  
An' why should I stay behin'!"

Our readers, who are less familiar with these Jacobite imitations by Allan Cunningham than the present publication may probably be the means of making them, will thank us, in the mean time, for introducing them to the poetry of the "Bonnie Lady Anne,"—written roughly by the poet on the back of his eager correspondent's first letter.

"BONNY LADY ANNE.

There's kames o' hinney 'tween my love's lips,  
An' gowd amang her hair,  
Her breasts are lapt in a holic veil:  
Nae mortal een keek there.  
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,  
Or what arm o' love dare span  
The hinney lips, the creamy loof,  
Or the waist o' Lady Anne!

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
But gentle lip, nor simple lip,  
Maun touch her lady mou';  
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
Her jimpy waist maun span.  
O, she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
My bonnie Lady Anne!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers  
Tied up with silver thread,  
An' comely sits she in the midst,  
Men's longing een to feed.  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
Wi' her milky, milky han',  
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,  
My bonnie Lady Anne!

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,  
Like my love's broider'd cap,  
An' on the mantle which my love wears  
Is monie a gowden drap.  
Her bonie eebree's a holic arch  
Cast by nae earthly han',  
An' the breath o' God's between the lips  
O' my bonnie Lady Anne!

I am her father's gardner lad,  
An' poor, poor is my fa';  
My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,  
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa;  
But my lady comes, my lady gaes  
Wi' a fou and a kindly han';  
O, the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my love,  
An' fa' on Lady Anne!"

The two specimens already given are principally remarkable for the poetry of their sentiment and expression; and had the pseudo-collections of Allan

Cunningham been confined to such, it is probable that even Cromeek might have suspected at least interpolation. The fact is, Bishop Percy was right when he said these poems were "too good to be old." In the old ballads the ore of poetry is frequently discerned, it is true, lying in the rude mass and raising a suggestion—which has perhaps been too hastily and widely accepted—of larger values than a large amount of critical labor has, we think, been able to extract. There is little of such "wrought" poetry in legendary song as an age so fastidious (rather than sensitive) as the present demands from its poets.—It is necessary, then, to give an example of the more characteristic specimens which persuaded Cromeek of the Jacobite stamp: and our example should be "Cumberland and Murray's Descent into Hell," were it not far too strong for the stomachs of our readers. The passion of the Jacobite hatred and humor of the Jacobite scorn are therein combined, with an intensity of expression worthy of Burns in his most characteristic and powerful moods. But we must be content, instead, with—

"THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil hae we got for a king,  
But a wee, wee German lairdie!  
An' when we gade to bring him hame,  
He was delving in his kail-yardie.  
Sheughing kail an' dibbling leeks,  
Scarce of hose and scant o' breeks,  
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,  
The wee, wee German lairdie.

An' he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,  
The wee, wee German lairdie;  
O' stinking weeds he's brought the seeds,  
An' sawed them in your yardie.  
He's pu'd the rose o' English clowns,  
An' brak the harp o' Irish lowns,  
But the thristle tap will jag his thumbs,  
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,  
Thou wee, wee German lairdie;  
An' see how Charlie's lang kail thrive,  
He dibblit in his yardie.  
An' if a stock ye daur to pu',  
Or haud the yoking of a plough,  
We'll break yere sceptre o'er yere mou',  
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
Nor fitting for a yardie;  
An' our norlan' thistles winna pu',  
Thou wee, wee German lairdie!  
An' we've the trenching blade o' weir,  
Wad twine ye o' yere German gear;  
An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,  
Thou feckless German lairdie!"

The letters of Cromeek, as the incidents thicken and the plot deepens, grow more and more urgent for the poet's removal to London.—"The spring must introduce you with other wild flowers to the notice of my London friends. I begin to feel anxious to see what you have done. I beg of you to take a week from your employer, and sit down leisurely to the papers; for which week I will send you, by Johnson's next parcel, a £2 note, with this old proverb, as an apology for so doing, 'He may well swim that has his head hadden up.'"—Again:—

"My dear Allan,—While I recollect I will tell you that I shall not put the Nithsdale Ballads to press

till I am able to announce to Great Britain the arrival of your worship in the metropolis, which I hope will be soon. You must be here by the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd of April, or so. We will then sit down and make a good book. I have arranged the materials already come to hand and have written several spruce notes. I am absolutely dying to see 'Billy Blin,' and his merry companions. 'The Lass of Inverness' is quite lovely. When you are here I will point out to you the beauty of these things as I feel them. The fragment of a Tocher is curious and interesting. What is it extracted from? The History of the Pipers will tell well. As you say, 'Notices concerning by-past manners' are valuable. 'The Border Minstrelsy' has scarcely any other merit. 'Muirland Willie' is *braw*. The Picture of the Country Ale-House is so faithful that it might be painted from—thank you for it very kindly. 'Maggie Lauder' will do *fine*. 'Blythsome Bridal'—sensible, observant remarks. I envy you the sight of Lady Nithsdale's letter—pray steal it, at all events mark its date and compare it with the printed copy, but don't talk about it, and inform me who possesses it. Let me have the History of the Fairies of Nithsdale and Galloway, and the Brownie."

Cromeek's next letter opens with a question which, as the editor observes, his correspondent must have had some difficulty in answering.—"Pray what are the names of the poets Nithsdale and Galloway have produced?" "Do let us see you as *early in April* as you can," Cromeek writes in February, 1810:—

"I beg of you not to approach me without some *Relique of Burns*. The Plough that he turned up the Mouse's nest with *will do*, or if you can trace any of the descendants of his 'Mountain Daisy,' bring one in the button-hole of your coat, 'or his Ox, or his Ass, or ANYTHING THAT IS HIS.'"

The end of all was that the poet removed, with his family, to London—helped the long talked-of volume through the press—wrought as a mason with Bubb the sculptor for twenty-six shillings a week—and, finally, made his way into Chantrey's studio; where he became, as is sufficiently known, the sculptor's friend—remained till the latter's death, and after it—and followed him at an interval too short for the many friends whom the earnest simplicity of his character (which London and its coterie-ships never tarnished) had made. His literary career after his removal from Scotland is recorded by "some thirty volumes at the least of works;"—and we hear with pleasure the editor's assertion that there are "materials for perhaps ten more." "It only remains for me to add," he says, in conclusion of his short and pleasant introduction, "that the author of the following poems and songs was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, on the 7th Dec., 1784; and dying in London on the 29th Oct., 1842, was buried in the General Cemetery at Kensal Green, where his grave is marked by a tomb of solid granite erected by his widow and five surviving children."

The volume is illustrated with a profile portrait of the deceased poet, from a drawing by Chantrey—a view of his birthplace, and another of his grave. On his "remains" which have escaped the latter the editorial hand of his son, will, we presume, at no distant period be engaged.

From the Examiner.

This dainty little volume, put forth with equal modesty and good taste, will be welcome to the lovers of song. In future editions we shall hope to

see its *Introduction* expand into a *Life*, and its poetry accompanied by prose selections as happily made.

Allan Cunningham deserves such a memorial. He was a man of strong and massive proportions, bodily and mental. He was cast in the mould of the old border veterans, and had all the fidelity to a leader, self-willed but earnest and devoted, which characterized those worthies. He stood by Chantrey as Christie of the Clinthill stood by Julian of Avenel. But the strict training of his time and country had elevated the moral man without impairing these instinctive virtues. There was about him an abiding sense of what was right, and great powers of self-control. He was of the old *cannie* school in matters of religion and politics, but his judgment of men was shrewd, and he had a cordial and instinctive recognition of what was high-minded, just, and generous. From the rank of a day laborer he raised himself, by steady conduct and honorable arts, to competence; and made his homely, manly manners respected. He was free from cant; he could tolerate opinions much opposed to his own; he liked a joke (a broad one, perhaps, now and then;) and he sympathized with healthy animal energies as heartily as the author of the *Jolly Beggars* himself. But the "*Jean*" of his pleasant and cordial verse never had cause to complain of his irregularities; and his three sons owe their success and honorable station in life, to the watchful and judicious care as well as the deep affection of a father.

"It was the opinion of the author of the following poems and songs," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, in the introduction prefixed to this volume, "that his fame would rest hereafter chiefly, if not entirely, on the kindly criticisms of Sir Walter Scott and Southey; though he was willing to hope that a few of his lyrics might find a place in some future collection of Scottish songs, and a few of his *Lives* be referred to with satisfaction by all who felt an interest in the wild but noble imaginations of Blake, the classic conceptions of Flaxman, or the all-ennobling poetry of Robert Burns."

Severe and self-depreciating as this estimate appears, in a literary view, we to some extent concur in it. We think, indeed, that in every work of Allan Cunningham's there is much that the public would, for its own sake, be wise to preserve; but in nothing that he published can we free ourselves from the impression, that here were powers which might have made a complete work, yet have left one incomplete. Passages of sterling sense and delicate beauty are imbedded in superfluous conventional writing. Sir Walter Scott tenderly touches that failing in one of his characteristic letters. No man so regardful, even to a morbid excess, of the feelings of others as Scott, when not excited by some favorite idea or by some sense of wrong; and in this letter, quoted by Mr. Peter Cunningham, the great writer says of his friend Allan:—"No man, not Robert Burns himself, has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich Scottish song. Here and there I would pluck a flower from your poesy, to give what remains an effect of greater simplicity; but luxuriance can only be the effect of genius, and many of your songs are, I think, unmatched."

The high praise, as well as the censure implied is true. Many of these songs, indeed most of them, are honest and exquisite poetry. They will certainly live. Cunningham's own hopes respecting them will be verified. Fond of ballad literature as we are, and conversant with his writings as we thought ourselves, we find in the little volume now

before us some songs which we know to be already popular with his peasant countrymen, but which we did not know, or had forgotten, were his.

A better edited volume than Mr. Peter Cunningham's we have not seen. Nothing is overdone in the introduction or notes. Everything is modestly said, yet said with affectionate earnestness. The father could not have desired a worthier tribute from the son.

From the Spectator.

#### MRS. BUTLER'S YEAR OF CONSOLATION \*

Is an account of a journey through France in the depth of winter, and of a twelvemonth passed at Rome and Frascati, as a visitor to her sister, Mrs. Sartoris. The subjects of the book are the disagreeables of winter travelling, especially off the main road in France, during and after a fall of snow; the carnival, the religious ceremonies, the collections of art, and the antiquities of Rome, with pictures of its climate, vegetation, and the landscapes in its vicinity; sketches of the Italian people and the society at Rome; anecdotes, such as a person in Mrs. Butler's position might readily hear; and, lastly, a variety of miscellaneous thoughts, feelings, and opinions, both in verse and prose, the more personal feelings finding vent in verse.

A journey through France and a visit to Rome must evidently owe everything to the writer's circumstances or character; and these alone give attraction to *A Year of Consolation*. Even the advantages of leisure, a smart and vivacious if not a poetical mind, and the freedom of an unrestrained temperament, that speaks whatever comes uppermost, without much regard to usage or authority, cannot give interest to the eternal story of paintings, statues, buildings, and antiques. A man like John Bell, with profound knowledge and a critical acumen cultivated by taste, has a right to distribute praise and blame; and his judgments, learnedly sound, may be received as a welcome present; but there have been too many mere opinionative censures or general panegyrics on the Roman exhibitions of art, to render another needed.

One peculiarity of Mrs. Butler—a sort of "fine lady," or "porcelain" character, which exaggerates everything unusual or rugged that she encounters into an object of terror—serves the book better. Her lamentations over passport formalities, the troubles of diligence travelling, and of bad accommodation, weather, and roads—with a supposition that every ugly, common-looking person means her a mischief—are things that give a sort of zest to her journey to Rome. The really valuable matter of her book, however, is due to residence. This afforded her the means of deliberate observation; for although her descriptions were often struck off at once, there is a vast difference between a mind at rest and able to linger over and take in a scene, and the same mind pressed on by the thoughts of more to see and engagements yet to be fulfilled. This residence, coupled with her own and her family celebrity, also gave her more facilities for social observation; and her summer and autumn sojourn at Frascati carried her amongst the peasantry, and into parts of the country seldom if ever visited by tourists who only go to Rome for the city itself.

Matter, however, is of little avail unless its possessor can present it, especially when the first

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object is to amuse. *A Year of Consolation*, though rather forced, and very scenic, is animated and effective. The descriptions of external nature are often pictures of a very striking kind, bringing the characteristics of the things visibly before the reader. The account of the carnival and some of the ceremonies or "religious shows" is very good; that of the carnival is, indeed, the best we have met with—as if its theatrically merry character suited the writer's mind. The reports of conversations sometimes merely repeat well-known anecdotes, sometimes they deal with actual life; several stories connected with the late and the present pope, are good, and they are all well told. The opinions which Mrs. Butler forms of the people, as well as the social speculations she indulges in here and elsewhere, must be received with caution. The tone of the present book is greatly superior to that of the volumes she published a dozen years ago—more sober, and much less flippant; but some of the old leaven still remains. Neither her mind nor her education renders her a trustworthy guide on large and complex subjects; and she has a morbid sensitiveness which sniffs a liberty or an attack when only attention is meant.

There is plenty of variety in the volumes—more than we can conveniently display by specimens; our extracts are merely gleanings here and there. The following is striking as a picture in its force of description, and as much so for the manner in which art and nature are contrasted with the slovenly domestic habits of the south. It also gives a lively idea of a Roman winter on a fine day. Mrs. Butler had just arrived, and was fortunate in her first weather:—

"*Saturday, 10th January.*—I had seen my sister's children asleep in their cribs last night; their cooing and chirping woke me in the morning. While I was still in my dressing-gown—called me out to see the view. We are on the very top of the Pincio. Rome lay like a map at our feet, bathed far and near with glorious sunlight, against which, on the opposite horizon the stone piles of the Doria Pamfili spread out their dark roofs. Our apartment reminds me extremely of all the houses I ever was in in the Southern States of America; large, lofty rooms, with not a window or door that can shut—and those that do, giving one one's death by the imperfect manner in which they close, a great deal more than if they stood forever wide open; coarse, common carpets laid over a layer of straw; in short, the whole untidy discomfort which characterizes the dwellings of all southern people, as far as my observation goes.

"Now for the chapter of compensations. My bedroom-door and window open upon a terraced garden, at least, forty feet above the street, full of orange and lemon trees, magnolias, myrtles, oleanders and camelias, roses and violets, in bloom; a fountain of the aqua felice trickles under the superintendence of a statue into a marble shell, and thence escapes under the garden. The view from thence, of the eternal city and its beauteous girdle of hills surpasses all description; and the twin towers of the Trinità rise close to it up into the blue sky, which looks through the belfry arches as through windows down into my sleeping-room. The colored tiles of all our anterooms and passages enchant me; so do the gay painted ceilings. The little room where I bathe is a perfect delight to me, with its Latin inscription on the lintel, its marble bath, its walls covered with fresco cupids and dolphins, and altars with flames, and baskets with flowers, all strung

together by waving patterns of wreaths and garlands. This afternoon we drove through the streets of Rome, out to a place that was once one of the innumerable Cenci possessions, but which is now a farm house of the Borghese. In one corner of the littered stable-yard, where heaps of manure occupied most of the ground, stood a stone sarcophagus, with spirited and graceful relief, into which fresh water was pouring itself in a glassy stream. As we went round the house, we came upon another stone basin, of beautiful form and proportions, into which another gush of living water was falling in the bright sunshine. Further on, again, beneath a sombre avenue of ilex, another of these precious reservoirs sparkled and gleamed."

Mrs. Butler was much in the Campagna, in the only way in which it can be thoroughly seen, on horseback; and she has given a very graphic account of it, though, perhaps, too long; we pass it for more living subjects.

#### ROMAN HONESTY.

"English people are the only honest tradespeople that I am acquainted with; and I say it advisedly; for Americans are unpunctual, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, for the most part, of that species of contract as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade; at any rate, in matters of female traffic, among the shopkeepers here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of the merchandise, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers, but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence are taxed by these worthy industrials without conscience or compassion. Every article purchased in a Roman shop by an English person is rated at very nearly double its value; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression on the part of the purchaser and defence on that of the vendor, which is often as comical as it is disgusting. In Nataletti's shop in Rome, the other day, I saw a scene between the salesman and a lady purchaser, an Italian, that would have amazed as well as amused the parties behind and before the counters of Howell and James, Harding's, &c. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, began a regular attack upon the shopman; it was *mezza voce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable; and the luckless man having come for a moment from behind the shelter of his long table, the lady eagerly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with increasing warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face within a few inches of his, her husband meanwhile standing by and smiling approvingly at the thrift and eloquence of his wife; I think, however, she did not succeed. The shopman looked disgusted; which, I am afraid, is a consequence of their having adopted the English mode of dealing in that house, as they themselves informed me, to signify that they did not cheat, lie or steal, but dealt like honest people. I felt proud of his manner of speech: "*Madame, nous avons adopté la manière Anglaise; nous vendons au prix juste, nous ne surfaisons pas, et nous ne changeons pas nos prix;*" so that to deal in the English fashion is synonymous to dealing justly."

## ELECTION STORIES.

"Almost immediately upon the death of the pope, innumerable political jibes and pasquinades were afloat, both with regard to his past government and the proceedings of the conclave. A curious anecdote was told of Cardinal Micala, who, going into the conclave with Lambruschini, [the Austrian cardinal,] said to him, 'Now, we shall see whether the Holy Spirit or the Devil presides at our deliberations; if the former, Mai, or Mastai will be elected; if the latter, it will be you or me.' A ridiculous caricature was circulated during the sitting of the conclave, representing the Holy Dove hovering above the assembled cardinals, who were all zealously employed in driving it off with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

"The youngest of the cardinals in the conclave, [the present pope,] it became his duty to collect the votes and proclaim who had obtained the suffrages of the majority; having reached the number at which his own election became the evident result, he paused, and reminding the conclave that it was yet time to alter their proceeding, solemnly adjured them to take heed to what they were about to do. This conscientious appeal probably only affected more favorably an assembly bent principally, at all hazards, upon defeating the election of a most unpopular member, the Cardinal Lambruschini, to achieve whose election no effort of intrigue and intimidation had been spared; and Cardinal Mastai, proceeding in his office, proclaimed himself the object of the preponderating votes."

From the Examiner.

This is a journal of a year's residence in Rome and its neighborhood, with none of the peculiar offences against good manners which characterized the journal of a year's travel in America published by the same lady twelve years ago. A teacher and chastener has been with Mrs. Butler since then, and she has had other experiences than those of the stage. The title of the book points at them, and the character of its contents compels us to make allusion to them.

Mrs. Butler has many of the qualities of a good writer. She has quick and clear perceptions, with a shrewdness of observation in which she is excelled by few; and, though she often spoils it by a careless and slovenly style, she has language that does justice to the vividness of her impressions. She does not want frank good sense, or eloquent earnestness, or real kindness of nature. But what would have made her writing better, would doubtless have also made her life happier—something less of this predominance of self, which here obtrudes sorrows and complainings upon the public with which the public can have nothing to do.

The journal is interspersed with poems of a personal nature, set forth too prominently not to invite attention; yet we can hardly give the reader better advice than to skip them all. It will be more fair to others, and not unfair to Mrs. Butler. In none of these poems, though here and there well-written, can we think that she appears to advantage. If the "last grim pages" of her book of life have indeed been filled with a "mean and grinding martyrdom," it is not in a book written for the world's amusement that the world should hear of it. We cannot but think of the theatre. And it seems to us that the after-piece presses somewhat too closely on the tragedy, when, after suffering with the writer in such phrases as "heart-broken," "desolate," "childless," "billows of despair," "awful fate,"

"withering and blasting blight," we stumble, in the next page, upon the *series of beautiful rides* which she has been taking in the Campagna.

But having said thus much, (which we have said with reluctance,) we will quote two of the finest passages in these poems. Mrs. Butler has too many superfluous words and thoughts to be always successful in poetry, but these lines, (especially the last,) from her reflections on setting foot in Italy, strike us with a sense of grandeur and simplicity both in expression and thought.

"Across an ocean—not thy sapphire waves,  
Oh, Mediterranean, sea of memories!  
But the dark marble ridges of th' Atlantic,  
Destiny led me—not to thy bright shores,  
Ausonia, but that wondrous wilderness,  
That other world, where Hope supreme beholds  
All things unshaped—one huge eventful promise.  
Ah, not to thee, thou treasure-house of Art,  
Thou trophy-loaded Temple of the Past,  
Hung with triumphant spoils of all the ages!  
But to that land where Expectation stands,  
All former things behind her—and before  
The unfathom'd brightness of Futurity,  
Rolling its broad waves to the feet of God."

These also, suggested by a symphony of Beethoven, are beautiful:

"Terrible music, whose strange utterance  
Seems like the spell of some dread conscious  
trance;  
Impotent misery, helpless despair,  
With far-off visions of things dear and fair;  
Restless desire, sharp, poignant agonies;  
Soft, thrilling, melting, tender memories;  
Struggle and tempest, and around it all  
The heavy muffling folds of some black pall  
Stifling it slowly; a wild wail for life,  
Sinking in darkness—a short, passionate strife  
With hideous fate, crushing the soul to earth;  
Sweet snatches of some melancholy mirth;  
A creeping fear, a shuddering dismay,  
Like the cold dawning of some fatal day;  
Dim faces growing pale in distant lands;  
Departing feet, and slowly severing hands;  
Voices of love, speaking the words of hate,—  
The mockery of a blessing come too late;  
Loveless and hopeless life, with memory,—  
This curse that music seem'd to speak to me."

We pass to the prose journal, of which the bulk of the volumes is composed. Mrs. Butler does not seem to have visited any other part of Italy than Rome and its neighborhood. She passed the winter months in the city, and the summer at Frascati, with the family of her brother-in-law, Mr. Sartoris. But the incidents of the travel to Rome are given in considerable detail, and occupy the first half of her first volume. Very amusing they are, and interesting too. A talent for making the most of what happens, and the disposition, half gay half grave, to exaggerate inconveniences into terrors, are in such matters pardonable enough; and we think the journey from Chateau Chignon to Chalons admirably told. From Lyons Mrs. Butler steamed down the Rhone towards Avignon, and took occasion to make honorable *amende* for old journalings:

"On board the boat to-day, the filth of which was really all but intolerable, food was being served to the passengers, the cleanliness and nice appearance of which was really curious, contrasted with the disgusting dirt of the decks. Oh, my poor dear American fellow-citizens! how humbly, on my knees, I do beg your pardon for all the reproaches

I have levelled against your national diversion of spitting, and the consequent filth which you create around you. Here I sat, in the cabin of this boat, surrounded with men hawking and spitting; and, whereas spittoons have been hitherto the bane of my life in the United States, a spittoon here to-day would have been the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes. How I thought, too, of the honor and security in which a woman might traverse alone from Georgia to Maine, that vast country, certain of assistance, attention, the most respectful civility, the most humane protection, from every man she meets, without the fear of injury or insult, screened by the most sacred and universal care from even the appearance of neglect or impertinence—travelling alone with as much safety and comfort as though she were the sister or the daughter of every man she meets."

In travelling by diligence from Avignon to Marseilles, where several French merchants were discussing the financial delinquencies of Pennsylvania, remarks in the same fair and liberal spirit to America suggest themselves to the traveller. We could multiply these evidences of considerate justice and kind good-will.

Mrs. Butler did not fail to note in the course of her journeying through France, what few intelligent observers can have failed of late years to see, a change in French manners, and the absence of that continual reference to the convenience and pleasure of others for which Frenchmen have been distinguished.

"Englishmen are the only men I know who, met thus accidentally on the road, are generally perfectly inoffensive in their persons, manners, language, and deportment: on the other hand, courtesy, civility, or any species of assistance is not to be expected from them; they will take care not to insult or annoy you, but as for assisting or entertaining their chance companions, that is certainly not their *specialité*."

And again Mrs. Butler speaks of America, and the courteous, almost slavish deference, with which women are everywhere treated in the States.

Arrived at Rome, the journalist makes no "dead set" at sight-seeing, but takes things as they come, and on the whole agreeably. Many of her descriptions remind us of those of Mr. Dickens, and are often a striking corroboration of his. A keen sense of enjoyment is in them, they are full of color and life, and they give actual impressions of the people. There is no great knowledge of art, but there is neither ignorant nor learned cant about it; and Mrs. Butler is pleasantly indifferent to the two rules for teaching the art of a cognoscento laid down in the *Vicar of Wakefield*: "the one always to observe, the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Peter Perugino." So far from this, Mrs. Butler enters what we cannot but think a highly sensible protest against the tendency to imitate Peter.

"The principal defect of Overbech's works is something at once feeble and stiff in the drawing, a consequence, it appears to me, of his very close imitation of the manner of the earlier Italian devotional paintings—Pinturicchio, the first manner of Raphael, and more especially, perhaps, Perugino, the peculiarities of whose style seem revived again in the drawings of Overbech. I was particularly struck with this one morning, when visiting the Gallery of Paintings at the Vatican. I found an artist making a drawing from Perugino's picture of

the Resurrection—but for the original before me I should have thought it belonged to the charming series of drawings I had seen a few days before at Overbech's studio, so perfect was the resemblance between the quaint simplicity and stiffness of the old Italian and its imitation by the modern German painter. This is a great pity; the reproduction of the defects of great masters is certainly the easiest way of imitating their works—but to affect the meagre and formal drawing, and raw, inharmonious coloring of those great early masters, in the present day, is like returning to the language of Chaucer, or even the peculiar but more intelligible style of our early playwrights, in search of this fresh simplicity and manly vigor. Quaintness is a mere virtue of association; there is nothing charming in itself, but merely in the more simple and earnest spirit of the times to which it appears peculiar; although, being in fact a mere quality of time, we may hope to appear quaint in all our various manifestations, from petticoats to poetry, to our great grandchildren, without throwing ourselves back to the forms of art and literature in the sixteenth century, for the sake of being prematurely so. Overbech's works, however, have not alone the defect of those which he has made his model—they have their merit also; tenderness, grace, purity, and a depth of devotional spirit, drawn from the fountain of his own soul, and most touching and beautiful is their expression in all his works.

"The house to which we went to visit Overbech was no other than the old palace of the Cenci, and over the very stairs which we ascended, poor Beatrice's feet have passed to and fro. The associations with this place are horrible—I wonder Overbech can bear to live there."

Overbech and Cornelius are the principal subjects of Mrs. Butler's admiration and criticism in art. She seems to have little sympathy with the old painters, or approval for the sacred themes of their selection. But for all the associations of the classical days of Rome her sympathies are active, and have suggested some of the best passages in her journal. Let us except from this praise, with some regret, what she says of the Apollo:

"I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it; for myself, *my eyes swam in tears, and my knees knocked together*, and I could hardly draw my breath while I stood before it; the guides held up torches to show the light through the marble drapery, while I was dazzled with the light shining through the marble face;—and the French lady emitted opinions in a voice as sharp as needle-points. Heaven! what a witness to the glory of the human soul is such a conception as this! Man's thought devised, man's fingers wrought this god! This perfect creation had its origin in the yet fairer idea of a man's brain, for who yet ever worked as he imagined! There was a lovelier and a grander shape in the mind of him who made this, than even this, that he has made! Oh, well, well may we thank the only true God for being formed capable of such things. I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life—angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly, and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a very messenger of my God bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it!"

This is a little too much in the manner of twelve years ago. So, where she thanks God for the Medi-

terranean, and intercepts her familiar description with "Oh, great and good Father, all Thy works praise Thee," &c., we have the same objection to make. The French barber strengthened his wig buckle in the ocean when a pail of water would have done infinitely better. Let us add that we should like to see particular words and expressions (they are not numerous) struck out of the second edition of these volumes. *Stinking* is not to be banished from the language, but to be used sparingly, we think. Here we have people "stinking of garlic," the "stinking streets" of Rome, "untidy, stinking" cottages on the Campagna, and "steep, stinking and slippery streets" of suburban villages. To say nothing of "filth and stench," and "foul smells," repeated in every imaginable form; "intolerable stench of an Italian crowd," "dirty shops, dirty people, and dirty smells," and inns at Tivoli with "dirt to eat, dirt to drink, and dirt to sleep in." It is being a little too particular, as we fancy, all this. The artists' models in the Piazza di Spagna, most cleverly sketched for us, did not require the addition of their "brotherly humanity exploring the animated nature of each other's elf-locks, *beautiful beastly creatures*;" nor does it seem at all necessary to speculate on "horrible court yards that look as though they were swarming with fleas, bugs, and lice." It is being too nice. It is realizing too closely Swift's definition of that word.

Since we have reverted to points of objection, we ought not to pass that extreme carelessness of style which not even the journalist's license can excuse—seeing that it releases, indiscriminately, nominative cases, substantives, pronouns, and verbs, from their allegiance; and overturns the whole government of Lindley Murray. Take the very first sentence of the book: "Left Southampton *per* steamboat for Havre, at ten o'clock at night—the weather clear overhead, but blowing very hard—*horrible little boat—where, objecting to lie close to two old women, the only empty berths were, one into which the water forced itself, or one in close proximity to the boiler—in the latter I slept.*" Let the ingenious reader try to explain and construe this: ascertaining why *per* should take the place of *by*, what the *where* applies to, who it is that is *objecting to*, and where on earth or out at sea the nominative case in the sentence has flown. Not till he has succeeded, we regret to say, will many of the sentences in Mrs. Butler's journal be at all intelligible. We spare further examples; restricting ourselves to only one more instance, objectionable on other grounds as well as that of style. "I sent a note to —, and he called upon me to-day. His account of Lord John Russell and Peel's alternate rushings down to Windsor are very funny. —'s book interests me very much indeed; it is exceedingly well written." We hope a little better than Mrs. Butler's notice of the writer.

With pleasure, and grateful admiration, we turn to such writing as this which follows. Mrs. Butler speaks of the greater ripeness and abundance of the south:

"It is very curious, by the bye, the fuller life to which all things seem ripened, by this southern climate: not only do the larks appear in perfect cohorts over these sunny plains, and sing with a loud clearness, unequalled, certainly, by our solitary morning bird; but the same sort of difference manifests itself in flowers common to both countries. The daisies here have a wide-awake determined air, which would have made Burns' address to them absolutely ironical; their buds are of the deepest

crimson, their flowers are of the most unhesitating white, with little stiff-necked stalks, and faces all turned up to the sky with a degree of self-possession quite astonishing in a mere daisy. The China roses have all a much deeper color, and stronger perfume than with us. I saw one to-day, a bud sitting under some fresh taper polished green leaves, beneath which a single ray of the sun darted upon the passionate-colored crimson flower, that sat beneath its canopy, in an atmosphere of living light, and glowed in a sunshine all to itself, like a jewel: I never saw such a magic effect of color in my life. Then, too, the violets here could never, even by the most courteous device of poetry, have been celebrated for their modesty; from fresh vigorous tufts of veined leaves they shoot long slender stalks, with deep-colored red purple blossoms, in absolute sheaves—not low down—not nestling under shade—not shrinking into moss and retirement; but looking as everything here seems to do—towards the sun, and opening their sweet bosoms to the warm air: that at noon in our little terrace garden was full of their perfume."

The remark occurs in a description of a ride through the Campagna, very picturesque and beautiful. We can only quote a part, but it will justify our praise. Nor is this selected with any pains. Writing equally good is not at all infrequent in the volumes.

"Rounding the grassy slope of a hill-side, we come upon one of the scattered habitations of the campagna—hardly, however, a human habitation—a low-thatched shed, scarcely large enough to permit one man or two dogs to be curled up beneath its shelter from sun or rain. Further on stands the untidy, stinking cottage, with its sheep-pens of nets stretched over the neighboring pasture, within whose bounds the brown sheep stray nibbling; their undyed wool forms the clothing of the friars, whose dress is a constant source of delight to me, from its fine rich color, and ample folds. Without the net, and wandering on a sort of free guard, the white wolfish dogs of the campagna prowls round the settlement, and come yelling, and barking, and bounding furiously towards us, while leaning lazily on his staff, as we go by, the shepherd himself completes the picture; with his goat-skin breeches, and sheep-skin cloak, and matted black mane of his own tangled locks, out of which his eyes gleam like coals of fire. Far off we see the grey fortress farms rising in masses from steep foundations, and looking over the flowery, sunny waste for miles to their distant fraternity—the tombs of ancient Italy, the watch-towers and castles of the middle ages, the peaceful, romantic dwellings of the peasants and herdsmen, and vine-dressers of modern Rome. On some neighboring hill-side shines, like a sapphire in a white stone setting, one of those long basins, wherein the fresh springs of the campagna are treasured up—upon the low margin of which the golden, green, and black enamelled lizards run up and down, sunning themselves, and rustle away through the grass as we slowly pass along by the stone hem of the fountain. Here we look down upon a glaring road winding far up to the mountains, and betraying its course by the fine clouds of dust that tell where, lazily along the blinding way, the mouse-colored oxen in sober society draw the lumbering carts, wherein or whereon lie stretched the sleeping hinds that should lead or guide them. Long trains of rusty mules, fastened by the tail to each other's heads, walk invisible beneath a high, thorny, tottering mountain of brushwood, piled on each side

and all over them like a brown mist, now tipped here and there with vivid green, the young twigs having been cut full of sap and buds and yellow golden sprouts; from beneath which curious canopy nothing is seen but the head fastened to the tail of its predecessor, and the tail tied to the head of its successor. Beside these jingle merrily along those little carts laden with small wine-casks, with their curious canopy formed out of the main branches and boughs of some tree; this is lodged somewhere in the body of the vehicle, covered with skins and leather, stuffed with straw, lined with coarse sack-cloth, and so contrived as to turn round and screen from either side the driver, who, half lying, half sitting under this shelter, half opens his bead-like eyes and pushes the pointed hat, with its bright bunch of crimson stocks or orange-colored wall-flowers, half off his blue-black hair to scratch his head, as lazily as if he grudged the trouble, while his bronze face sparkles through all its sleepiness with the brilliant coloring and vivid expression peculiar to this singularly handsome race. Passing these at a more rapid pace comes the mounted peasant or cattle-driver; his short jacket, tight breeches, and leather gaiters, buckled like armor round his legs, showing admirably his straight and well-proportioned limbs; his dark green or brown cloak is strapped to the high-peaked saddle, and in his hand he carries a long light lance headed with a goad, which adds immensely to the picturesqueness of his appearance. By the side of some of these roads, marking wherever they remain the lines of the old Roman ways, stand the ruined tombs, that have not been converted into habitations for the living—nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life, whose mellow-tinted walls yet raise above the sward of the campagna their crumbling ivy-clasped fragments."

Akin to this capital description are the sketches of summer days at Frascati. For example—though the *who*, we need hardly say, has no business in the opening sentence:

"Our donkey guides are a source of great amusement to me; my sister's pompous, conceited, jabbering cicerone, who, with a crimson rose that looked and smelled as if it had been dipped in Burgundy, the very type of the coming summer, stuck in his bonnet, swaggered beside her, discoursing in French, English, German, and Italian, by morsels, and mixing up his local lore and guide-book advertisements with stupendous pieces of his own biography, and certain howls which made the woods resound, which he had caught from some *jodeling* French artists. My protector was a little flibbertigibbet of about fourteen, slight, slender as a greyhound, and as graceful too, with one of those indescribable southern faces, full of brilliancy, sweetness and melancholy, a most beautiful countenance, with beautiful features; such a face as one never sees in England or America, or, I suppose, indeed, out of Italy—combining as it does with all this loveliness a capacity for sudden savage expressions of hatred and fierce passion, wonderful and terrible to behold. Hardly anywhere else I suppose, either, would a little ragged donkey boy utter poetical ecstasies about the features of the landscape, or the colors of the sky; or, pointing to the sun and moon, which on a rosy summer's sunset stood at opposite sides of the heavens say, 'The sun and moon greet each other; she says, "Good night" to him, for he is going; and he "Good day" to her, for she is coming!' Another time he bade me, when I re-

turned to my own country, greet it for him:—'Che l'Italia saluta l'Inghilterra,' he added. Thus poetically escorted, we wound our way up to Rocca di Papa; at every turn in the road we had splendid views of the campagna, the Sabine hills, and all the beautiful forest scenery that was gradually sinking far below us; the village, perched like an eagle's eyrie upon a rocky cone, was swarming with people in holiday attire. We made our way up the steep slippery streets through the throng of women in scarlet spencers and head-kerchiefs, and men in black or brown velvet jackets, all with some bright-colored scarf round their waist, or brilliant flowers in their hat; the perfect picturesqueness of them all is not to be described, old and ugly quite as much as young and handsome. I was almost startled by the wonderful effect produced by a hard-featured, bronze-colored woman, with a splendid colored red headgear, standing a little back from the black aperture of a window without glass, framed in a brown stone house; the whole thing was a perfect Rembrandt."

It was on this summer pleasure day, as the holiday-makers made their way up to Monte Cavo, that a sudden turn in the road shut out Rome, put another world in its place, and suggested thoughts and hopes connected with Mrs. Butler's adopted country of America, which receive admirable earnestness of expression. The passage is too long for quotation; but we recommend the reader to seek for it in the book. We wish to close our extracts with proof of Mrs. Butler's sympathy with what is generous and enlightened in the present government of Italy. She has a mean opinion of the people, but a worthy one of their present ruler. The election and first acts of Pope Pius took place during her stay; and she speaks warmly of the amnesty, and its reception by the people. She afterwards discusses his position and prospects (we are sorry not to quote several pleasing anecdotes she tells of him) with excellent sense and feeling, and with not a little shrewdness of reflection.

"The anomaly I have seen, the Roman Catholic religion in the United States, the faith of implicit obedience and absolute subservience, encountering the political spirit of unbridled democracy—perhaps the most remarkable of all the social phenomena that wonderful country presents; and the Roman Catholic religion thrives and spreads, and flourishes, because it is separate from the political government, and lends itself with that admirable faculty of adaptation—one of its vital merits and chief security for its duration—to the paramount spirit of the institutions, and universal direction of the public mind. The Roman Catholic religion can subsist, and greatly prosper, even in republican America, but it is because it is there a religion and not a government; as religion, it is the most pliant, malleable, insinuating, pervading, and powerful that has yet existed; as government, it is rigid, uncompromising, despotic, and incapable of either receiving or accepting the impulse towards universal freedom, which the world in these latter times seems to obey. The Bishop of Rome may yet be the powerful head of the most powerful sect of Christendom; I doubt if he can ever be the enlightened sovereign of a people with free institutions; therefore it is that the acclamations which precede and follow the present pope's footsteps seem sad to me, for they seem to me to demand impossibilities, and to foretell disappointments. It may be that his apparent sympathy with the people may grow cold, for Gregory XVI. began his reign too with an amnesty; it may be that, ap-

pointed by God to the especial ministry of these times, he may only have opened the flood-gates whence the torrent issuing shall bear him to the ground; if, however, no subsequent acts of his own belie the promise of his present measures, even if the spirit that he evokes is too powerful for him, and he should fall a sacrifice to the results of his own actions, he has earned the love of his people and the sympathy and admiration of the world already, and built himself, with one great act of wisdom and of mercy, a monument of noble memories, round which the blessings of the Roman people will never cease to rise."

Our extracts have shown that there is much in these volumes to interest and inform the reader. It is a pity that their author, who can think and write well, should be so often utterly reckless of what she thinks and writes—and publishes.

#### IRISH EMIGRATION.

[Part of an article in the Spectator of 1st May.]

It is plain that spontaneous emigration is insufficient in amount to affect wages. As a means of improving the economical state of Ireland, it is nothing.

What is it, then, intrinsically? Mr. Charles Buller once called it "a shovelling out of our paupers;" and it is fully described in Lord Durham's Report. Lord Grey supposes, that since Lord Durham painted the horrors of the "middle passage," from Ireland to Canada, a great improvement has taken place in the arrangements which affect the emigrant previous to his landing in America. He seems to be quite unconscious that the emigrants' lazaretto, near Quebec, is still in constant use. "The necessity," says Lord Durham, "of a quarantine establishment for preventing the importation of contagious disease from Britain to her colonies, as if the emigrants had departed from one of those eastern countries which are the home of the plague, shows beyond a doubt either that our very system of emigration is most defective, or that it is most carelessly administered." In truth, there never was a system. Now, as in Lord Durham's time, it is a mere scramble of paupers—and Irish paupers—the least provident of mankind, unaccompanied, unaided, and uncounselled by any one of superior forethought or intelligence. The passenger act subjects shipowners to some little control by the government with respect to space, food, and medical attendance for poor emigrants; and there are agents of the government in the North American colonies whose business it is to prevent destitute or otherwise helpless emigrants from accumulating in the towns where they disembark, by pushing them on to some destination, generally one of the bordering states. But further than this, there is no preparation for departure, no regulation of the passage, no sort of precaution for the well-doing of the emigrants in America. They take their chance. A good many die on the passage, some in the lazaretto, and some on their journey to the far West. Most of the survivors go to the United States, and are heard of no more. The bulk of these, and of those who remain in the British Provinces, obtain employment as laborers and servants in the towns; not many settle upon land; and those who really improve their condition

beyond getting plenty to eat and drink, are rare exceptions from the general rule. Many of them—nearly all, indeed, who tumble into positions where they never see a clergyman—become curiously barbarous. Such is the result of our spontaneous emigration from Ireland in ordinary years. This year, it will be different. The distress in Ireland is driving such numbers to emigrate, whilst no provision has been made to secure them employment or even subsistence in America, that they will probably far overstock the labor-market there, and suffer misery like that which prevails in Ireland. We have long paid attention to this subject; and we fully expect to hear frightful reports of the mortality of Irish emigrants both on the passage and in the colonies. Such is the colonization which Lord Grey would not disturb by even inquiry into the means of instituting a better.

Seeing that the mere swarming out of Irish paupers to America is a miserable operation in itself, and totally without effect on the condition of those who remain behind—considering that the economical state of Ireland is the great difficulty of the present government, and its only conspicuous rock ahead—bearing in mind that every politician, whether whig, Peelite, protectionist, radical or neutral, who should assist in preventing an attempt to make the Irish poor-law work well, will bear some responsibility for the break-down which awaits it if the unemployed continue to be counted by millions—and recollecting that several members of the cabinet are known to be very desirous of a systematic emigration from Ireland—it may, we cannot help thinking, be presumed that Lord Grey stands almost alone in his resolute hostility to the object of Lord Lincoln's motion. If so, the motion can only be defeated by the agency of party considerations. The ministry may deem it expedient, for the sake of harmony, to let Lord Grey have his wilful way, so far as they are concerned. If they oppose the motion, there will be a great indisposition, even amongst those who must approve of it, to carry it in spite of them; for nobody at present desires to put the whigs out of office; whilst those who love them least wish to fasten upon them the whole of that responsibility for what may happen in Ireland next year, from a part of which they would escape if now deprived of power. It is possible, therefore, that Lord Lincoln's motion will have no immediate result. But possible only; for it is easy to conceive that matters may take quite another turn. If both sections of the outs, moved by a public-spirited desire to render a poor-law beneficial instead of mischievous to Ireland, or only actuated by a sense of their own party interest, having regard to the future, should exhibit a disposition to insist on this inquiry, the government may prevail on Lord Grey to abandon his crotchet, rather than compel them, for the second time in a session, to proclaim their real party weakness by giving notice to the opposition of their intention to resign if defeated in the house of commons. Doubtless, the members of a ministry which all parties wish to preserve, have a peculiar facility of indulging their individual fancies; but still, in this instance, that opportunity is counterbalanced by so formidable a concurrence of circumstances that Lord Grey may perhaps be deprived of it. At all events, we are sure of a thorough discussion of the subject in parliament. The late advocates and present opponents of systematic colonization will not have every advantage."

## CAPSICUM HOUSE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From Punch.

## CHAPTER I.

## A VISIT TO CAPSICUM HOUSE. MISS GRIFFIN ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF STUFFING.

WE shall never forget the emotion that softly broke within us on our first visit to Capsicum House. We know not how it is, but we have always felt a particular respect for boarding schools for young ladies. We are open to allow the oddity of the taste; we confess to the eccentricity—but so it is. We have a knack of looking upon such abiding-places as great manufactories of the domestic virtues—as the salt-cellar of a vain and foolish world. And now we are prone to consider them as towers and castles—we of course speak of schools finishing—whence, as in the precious old times, young ladies walk forth, their accomplishments breaking like sunbeams about them, to bless, elevate, and purify ungrateful, wayward, earthy man. As Miss Griffin herself was wont to say, sometimes with little tears glistening like pins'-heads in her eyes—as that great woman was accustomed to observe of her own pupils—"Dear little things! they are made too good for men; but then—poor souls! it's their mission."

Slightly chastened and humiliated by this truth, we repeat it, we always contemplate a boarding school with growing respect. And touching, and pretty, and very suggestive it is to see a boarding school "walk." With school-girls, gravity is, of course, a matter of height; hence, the tallest—next the mistress—are ever the most serious; whilst the little ones, like rebuked kittens, are just as serious as they may be. Dear little things! we never see their line of bonnets, that we do not drop plump—fathoms down in contemplation. We ask it of time—and of course have to wait for an answer—"Sweet little girls! where, at this moment, are your husbands? How many of them are playing at top, wholly thoughtless of the blessings blossoming for them!—How many trundle the hoop, and dream not of the wedding-ring that even now may be forged for them!—How many fly their long-tailed kites, without a thought of coming curl-papers!—How many, heedless of the precious weight of matrimony, jump at leap-frog!—And how many, at ring-taw, oblivious of the holy state, at this very moment knuckle down?" But the picture is too affecting; our eyes begin to water over the page, as it were an onion-bed.

Well, the intelligent and serious reader—for we trust the animal is not yet extinct: it is our meek hope that the comic epidemic raging throughout the land, attacking constitutions in no way able to withstand it, and making very grave folks very bad indeed;—the serious reader may now imperfectly understand our emotion as we approached Capsicum House. It was a building worthy of its purpose. A large, square, massive, red brick house; a house that somehow revealed the solid comforts to be had within. A house, it was plain, with a magnificent cellar for its heart—a cellar that at seasons sent its red blood throughout the whole body of the building. The contemplative man, his eye for the first time resting on the dining-room windows, would inevitably subside into calculation; would count the number of elbows that might be allowed honest play around the mahogany circle of that room. There are many such houses throughout our merry land; and yet how often are they in a fallen condition! How often do we see them put in irons by

the mad doctor for private lunacy—how often are they made the wineless sanctuaries for schoolmistresses! How often is the use of the globes despotically taught in some noble room—a room especially built that men might therein congregate and with spirits on the wing—the bee's-wing—play with the globe, as schoolboys afore-named play at marbles!

The house was approached through an avenue of limes, curiously cut. One bent to the wind, a large green shoulder of mutton—another had a sirloin shape—whilst shrubs came up in frying-pans and fish-slices; and cruet-stands grew in box; and all things around had a learned presence significant of the studies pursued by the rosy dwellers in the House of Capsicum. There were many beds of sweet herbs; knotted thyme and lemon; sweet majorum, and the sober green of sage; and the bees, jolly little burglars! singing—singing as they broke in upon the blossoms, and secured the property about their persons. And from a neighboring bed arose the bright green threads of tender onions; and fancy went half-an-inch into the ground, and saw their white waxen faces feeding at the breast of mother earth for future ducks! We could have wept.

A few steps further, and we got among the small salad. In one bed were these words in mustard-and-cress, sown in a very fine Italian hand—"Welcome, little stranger!" Well, we confess it; we have had our small twopenny-halfpenny triumphs in our time; but we never felt so highly flattered as by this green, pungent compliment, "Welcome, little stranger!" Yes, it is plain, we pondered, that Miss Griffin, expecting our visit, has sown—or caused to be sown—this flattering sentence. There is a delicacy in the attention that we must take all to ourselves. Well, we reflected, if we are so much pleased with the mustard, how will it fare with us when we come to the beef! Softened, we were fast melting in our own thoughts, when Miss Griffin, turning the angle of a holly-hedge, came sharp upon us. She had a bunch of parsley in her hand, and wore a snow-white apron high up, succinctly drawn across the bosom. Meeting her in the garden, and with the parsley in her hand, we gallantly observed, from some poet—

"Plucking the flowers, herself the fairest flower!"

"Why, the fact is, dear Sir"—said Miss Griffin, blowing the dew in silver drops from the parsley—"the fact is, I am just now a little busy with some of the girls. The veal-stuffing class is on, and there is one girl, Miss Fluke—whatever will become of her in the world, I can't tell—I never can get her to understand the proper proportions of parsley. Now I hold stuffing to be one of the bases—if not *the* basis—of education." We bowed. "A woman ignorant of stuffing," said Miss Griffin solemnly, "is ill-calculated to meet the trials of this life. You cannot tell how the giddiness of that girl distresses me. However, I have my mission to perform, and stuffing is a part of it. Nevertheless, Miss Fluke is my great trouble. It has always been my pride to turn my-girls into the world with such unmistakable marks about them, such staring accomplishments, if I may be allowed the phrase, that those who know my system, can at once exclaim—'That's a Griffin!' Now, I do not wish to prejudge anybody; nevertheless, when I sometimes lay my head upon my pillow and think of Miss Fluke, I own it, I am inclined to despair; I do not think she will ever be a Griffin."

We essayed some words of comfort, as in manly

duty bound; and then, in our own adroit way, endeavored to turn the conversation. Sidling up to the writing in mustard-and-creese, and taking Miss Griffin with us, we observed, removing our hat, "This is flattering, and announces your expectation."

"Sir!" cried Miss Griffin, and she dropt the parsley, "Expectation!"

"I assure you that I feel the compliment; you know I promised to come, and herein I read your graceful welcome;" and again we bowed.

"Oh!" cried Miss Griffin, with rather a long gasp, and we thought—but it could not be; no, impossible—with a slightly contemptuous glance. And then she picked up the parsley, and we thought we heard her mutter, as we saw one of her hands close very tightly, "It's *that* Miss Fluke!"

"You have delicious sweet herbs here," we observed.

"Yes; they are the girls' beds, all of 'em. I teach 'em from first principles. You see young women sent into the world who don't know lemon-thyme from hollyhocks. Now, as my girls cultivate the sweet herbs themselves, they know stuffing, as I say, from first principles. Again, with mushrooms.—You must go out with us some morning when we mushroomize.—I once knew a dear child killed—he would have come to a charming landed property—killed because his foolish, ignorant mother made ketchup from toadstools. Ha! Had the mother been a Griffin, her babe would have been living at this hour. But principles—first principles—there's nothing to be done without 'em. As Mr. Wordsworth says—

"The girl is mother of the wife!"

It is my intention, next year, to have that sentence planted in lavender."

At this moment a wild, giddy thing, with black eyes rolling with fun, and her hair, in lumps of curls, bobbing about her ears—a thing in the sweet insanity of seventeen—came running from the house.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, just dipping us a curtsy by the way, "Miss Carraways wishes to know if the forcemeat-ball class is to be heard this morning!"

"You will return to your stuffing, Miss Fluke," said the majestic Griffin, deigning no further answer, and Miss Fluke made a passing cherry-bob with her lips, and skipped and jumped into the house. "That's my great trouble," said Miss Griffin, with a sort of calm despair; "I can hardly expect it, but I can only hope she'll not break my heart."

#### "SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

THE city commission of sewers declare, in their report that "for paving, draining, sewerage, lighting, health and cleanliness, the city of London is inferior to no city in the empire." So excited is this excellent body by the attempt to include the city within the operation of Lord Morpeth's health of towns bill, that it has burst into song, "*Facit indignatio versum.*" We subjoin two examples:—

##### NO. I.

Through London streets,  
In search of treats,  
As Smell and Eyesight wandered  
With Taste the sprite,  
For whose delight  
Lord mayors such sums have squandered;

Where'er they go,  
The sewers below  
Give up their tribute steaming,  
Through traps that lend  
Their aid to send  
Those sweets through London streaming.  
Oh the drainage!  
The perfect London drainage!  
Glorious board,  
By all adored,  
That plans the city drainage!  
Says Taste, "See, see,  
They spring for me,  
These currents appetizing;"  
Says Sight, "No, no,  
For me they flow,  
To tempt my analyzing."  
But Smell inhales  
The fragrant gales,  
And cries, "Who'll dare to tether  
Such streams as these,  
Each sense that please,  
Taste, Eyesight, Smell, together?"  
Oh, the drainage!  
The perfect London drainage!  
Glorious board,  
By all adored,  
That plans the city drainage!

##### NO. II.—RALLY ROUND YOUR CESSPOOLS.

###### A SONG FOR SIR PETER.

Parishioners of Pancras, and of St. Marylebone,  
And Westminster and Pimlico, strike boldly for  
your own!  
Come forward, men of Southwark, too—a slave is  
he who slinks—  
And rally round your cesspools, and your sewers,  
and your sinks.  
From Paddington's famed terminus to Chelsea's  
farthest bound,  
Loud let each vestry's trumpet bray, each parish  
toesin sound;  
For vested rights and int'rests make a stern and  
valiant stand,  
Ere the health of towns bill shall become a statute  
of the land.  
The citizens of London bold, their teeth had but to  
show,  
To frighten from the battle-field the sanitary foe:  
As far as they're concern'd this most obnoxious  
measure's dropp'd.  
And Doctor Southwood Smith and Co.'s pernicious  
course is stopp'd.  
What destroying Typhus, like the wind, shall  
revel free,  
Miasma roam through court and lane with fullest  
liberty,  
And Fleet street still, as heretofore, forever in  
repair,  
Exhale its cavern'd essences with death to load the  
air!  
Shall they lord it o'er our gutters? our free drains  
shall they invade?  
Shall our liberty's last remnant be thus shamefully  
betray'd?  
No, we'll not be sweet and clean by the compul-  
sion of a bill.  
What Briton but would scorn to wash his hands  
against his will!

No: battle for your cinder-heaps, your gullyholes and slush;  
To the rescue of your shambles and your charnel-houses rush,  
(Though with each breath fell pestilence, meanwhile, each freeman drinks,)  
And rally round your cesspools, and your sewers, and your sinks.

Punch.

OPPOSITION TO THE SANATORY BILL.

WE were quite mistaken in supposing that no opposition like that which is raging against the education plan would arise against the sanatory bill. The dirty interests are far stronger than we had suspected.

Swift's spider says, that when he saw the housemaid approaching his web with her broom, his heart sunk within him, and he thought heaven and earth were coming together; not less dire are the apprehensions of certain worthies in parishes and boroughs upon seeing Lord Morpeth's measure for sweeping away nuisances and nastiness. Of course liberty is in danger; the electoral system is threatened with invasion; centralization, that word of dreadful import, is meditated; and cesspools, filthy ditches, and stagnant sewers, are found to be the outworks and fortifications of freedom. Every parish and borough is standing on its defence against purification. The city of London, one of the very worst managed in the country, has already procured its exception, government having thought it right to respect its nastiness as one of its cherished privileges. So London is to have its fevers, and its unabated average of mortality as a matter of special favor. Other metropolitan parishes sigh for the same indulgences. They all protest that they are as clean as they ought to be. Each is insensible to its own bad smells, but cries shame on its neighbor. In this state of things the successful method of reform would be to put each parish under the care of some other as to sanatory regulations, Marylebone having the cleaning of St. James', which a retired churchwarden shows, notwithstanding its aristocratic population, to require purification so grievously, and St. James doing the same good turn for some other district. Aged as the world is, there is no place old enough to keep itself clean; each struggles, kicks, and fights against being kept in proper order. They are all by their own account doing very well as it is, and wanting nothing but to be left alone. We have not a doubt that Halifax would report as well of itself and its sanatory regulations as the city of London; but, nevertheless, we find this account of it going the rounds of the press:

"SPREAD OF FEVER IN HALIFAX.—In order to show the frightful possibility of the town having soon to endure all the horrors of a deadly pestilence, we will quote a few well authenticated facts in reference to the lodging-houses, which have been furnished us by an authority upon whom we can place every reliance:—'The first house enumerated in the list is one in Chapel-fold, and occupied by a person of the name of Leonard, and which at present is occupied by twenty lodgers, eleven of whom are under medical treatment for fever. We are assured that there has been more sickness in this one house since November last, than in all the other lodging-houses in the town put together. Healthy vagrants have been warned by the officers before they went to lodge there; and no sooner have they resided a short time in the house than

they have invariably fallen victims to disease. In Sun-fold fever and sickness is very prevalent, and the whole yard is a perfect nuisance. In the King's Arms yard there are three lodging-houses, inhabited by a vast number of persons, among whom sickness prevails to a great extent; *the entire yard is in an abominably filthy state.* In the Ring-of-Bells yard, in a cellar formerly used as a coal-hole, is an Irish family of seven persons, (five adults,) all of whom are in the typhus fever. We leave these facts to speak for themselves.'"—*Halifax Guardian.*

But is it not better to submit to these abominations of filth, and the pestilences thereof, than to suffer the establishment of any central authority which may interfere in the slightest way with local self-government, and the interests of dirt? There is a part of Dublin remarkable for its squalid misery, called the Liberties, and if the clamor against the sanatory bill on the pretence of its danger to liberty prevail, we hope the name of the Liberties will be given in every town to that part of it in which the reign of nastiness is preserved.—*Examiner.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co., of Philadelphia, have completed this work in two handsome volumes, which have been sent to us. We recommend it to our readers as a most excellent work.

It was intended by its accomplished authors, Messrs. William and Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, to form a complete *Popular Cyclopædia*, or book of general *Information for the People*. It is the first attempt to place a considerable work of the character of an encyclopædia within the reach of all classes of the people. The plan on which the work was formed was to select only the subjects on which it is important for the people generally to be informed. The minutiae of biography and topography, scientific technicalities, and other matters required only for occasional reference, are omitted; and thus what usually fills up the greater part of an encyclopædia is at once dismissed. There remains for the full accomplishment of the plan, "a series of articles on the most important branches of science, physical, mathematical and moral, natural history, political history, geography and literature." This furnishes such a course of reading, as, if studied and received into the mind, will make a well-informed man. The portions of a large and costly encyclopædia, which have been omitted, are such as do not form any part of the standing knowledge of any person whatever, besides those for whom it may have a technical, professional, or local interest. "It will be understood, then, that the 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE' is not meant as an encyclopædia unfilling in reference for all departments of human knowledge, but as an encyclopædia including such knowledge only as tends to improve every mind possessing it—such knowledge as expands, liberates, and fertilizes—with the addition of only a very few articles of which the interest and value are of a more limited nature. The ruling object has been to give what may be expected to prove the means of *self-education* to all such classes of society as are debarred from the receipt of knowledge in more favorable circumstances."

We are glad to see that a work which we have

frequently commended, seems to be taking strong hold of public favor :—

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

DWIGHT'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE and Family Newspaper—published at 112 Broadway—at the rate of \$2 per annum, is really a valuable, instructive and attractive periodical, exactly in the sphere for which it professes to be prepared—viz., the family circle.

We hazard little in saying that between two large families in the one of which this magazine was taken and read and commented upon by children and parents, and in the other it was not taken, that a difference very marked and striking would be exhibited in the intelligence and in the degree of knowledge of the two households.

It is an illustrated work, and the wood cuts which are well done are carefully and clearly explained in the text. Travels, rivers, towns, natural history, sacred literature, are all touched occasionally and always treated in an easy and intelligible style.

From the New York Observer.

DWIGHT'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER: By Theodore Dwight, 112 Broadway, office of the Express. This original, cheap and illustrated publication, which we have before recommended, has now been in existence nearly two years and a half, and presents two large volumes of about 800 octavo pages each, with hundreds of engravings and a great variety of amusing and instructive matter. Being designed expressly for the entertainment and improvement of the *American family circle*, and conducted by an editor not inexperienced nor unprepared for the task, it claims a prominent place on the table from week to week or month to month, (for it is issued also in neat monthly numbers,) and, when bound, in the family library. Many valuable articles are found in it containing all the solid materials of some of

the best foreign reviews, carefully condensed; while selections from travellers, sketches of natural history, poetical pieces, hints on agriculture, arts and sciences, moral and religious reflections, tales, lessons and enigmas for the young, complete a variety equally adapted to present and to future use.

We copy the following notice from the New York Evening Post. Whatever Mrs. Kirkland undertakes she will do well.

A NEW MAGAZINE.—A new monthly publication is about to be established in this city, the literary charge of which is to be given to Mrs. Kirkland. It is to be embellished with engravings, according to the custom of our monthlies, and the superintendence of this department is to belong to Mr. Mattison, the artist, whose taste and talent will make it, we are confident, what it ought to be.

It is surprising how much labor is thrown away in the engravings which are published in our magazines. Some of them, it is true, are well enough; but, in the majority of instances, they are very indifferent things, and fall considerably below the standard of public taste. The reason that they are generally so bad, we suppose, is, that the proprietors of the magazines are unwilling to take the risk of paying for anything better. The designs are often wretched, and when these are tolerable, they are often engraved in a hurried or unskilful manner, which is a disgrace to the state of art in this country. We shall expect something better from the new magazine.

With regard to the literary merits of the magazine we have the highest expectations. Mrs. Kirkland, who is a good thinker as well as a witty and spirited writer, will take care, we think, that it shall be entertaining without being frivolous. The first number is to appear, we hear, on the first of July.

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The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at No. 165 Tremont St., BOSTON. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, remittances and orders should be addressed to the office of publication as above.

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twenty dollars, or two dollars each for separate volumes. Any numbers may be had at 12½ cents.

AGENCIES.—The publishers are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. But it must be understood that in all cases payment in advance is expected. The price of the work is so low that we cannot afford to incur either risk or expense in the collection of debts.